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YOUR CHILDREN IN WARTIME

BOOKS BY
ANGELO PATRI

Your Children in Wartime

Child Training

Pinocchio in America

Schoolmaster of the Great City

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Talks to Mothers

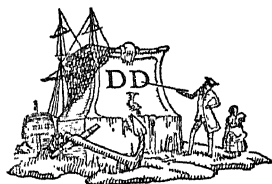
Parents Daily Counselor

School and Home

White Patch

Your Children IN WARTIME

BY ANGELO PATRI



Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

GARDEN CITY 1943 NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION

*To the Newspapers
of the United States*

HOW THIS BOOK CAME TO BE WRITTEN

LONG AGO I went to the newspapers of the country for help in reaching the homes, the fathers, and mothers of the children whose welfare had become my chief interest, my life's task. To those papers I owe a great debt, for they have made it possible for me to teach, to interpret, to plead for the intelligent upbringing of our children.

From the great audience of newspaper readers came many letters, some disputing, some agreeing, all asking for help in this job of rearing a nation's children, all tremendously helpful to me in my self-imposed task. To every one of these letter writers, my cordial thanks.

When this war began the letters increased in numbers and took on a note of anxiety beyond all that had gone before. "How," they asked, "are we to keep the children healthy and happy, at peace within themselves while the world burns over their heads?" "What are we to say to them? Tell us what to do, what to say, and how to say it effectively."

I have tried to answer some of these questions. For many I have no answer save the hope that lies in human experience.

viii HOW THIS BOOK CAME TO BE WRITTEN

Children have great powers of endurance, great resiliency of spirit. They tend always to be good, to follow fine leadership, and they have the ability to rise above difficulties that stagger grown-up people. Nature is on their side and God loves them.

With a little help from us and a great deal of affection, they will come through ready for the day when peace reigns once more in this world and the United States stands like a bulwark preserving the freedom of mankind.

For that day we are training our children, we fathers and mothers and teachers, and I hope this book will help even a little.

CONTENTS

How This Book Came to Be Written . . .	vii
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FOR PARENTS

CHAPTER

I Family Morale Is Your Job	3
II Time to Rediscover the Home	18
III Our Older Children in a Wartime World	27
IV The Home Extends into the Community	39

FOR TEACHERS

CHAPTER

I You Are Part of the Nation's War Services	53
II The War Brings New Problems to the School	65
III School and Home <i>Are</i> Closer Today	77

FOR CHILDREN

CHAPTER

I You Are Citizen Soldiers	89
II Children Have War Work to Do	98
III Wartime Advice to Older Boys and Girls	107

FOR PARENTS

CHAPTER I

FAMILY MORALE IS YOUR JOB

WAR IS A TREMENDOUS, a terrible experience that penetrates into every fiber of life, affecting everything that people feel and think and do. We are now, despite all efforts to keep the peace, in the midst of the most shocking war this world has ever seen. We are engaged in a struggle for our national life, for all that is fine, all that is lovely, in our way of living.

We are fighting with all we have and all we hoped to pass on to our children in a determined effort to save for them the good we have enjoyed. That good was handed down to us by men and women who bought it at a great price.

The Pilgrim Fathers gave us freedom of worship and a tradition of sturdy character that knows no subtlety in right and wrong, only the forthrightness of dutiful behavior.

The men and women of the thirteen colonies, the first states of these United States, gave us freedom of the individual human being, the right to personal responsibility for government, the right to personal opinion and the free expression of it, the right to labor and to possess its fruits

unmolested by any oppressor. Later generations set the traditions of national unity and equal opportunity for all.

These precious liberties were bought with sacrifice, pain, sorrow, even death. Now we, in our turn, must buy a decent way of life for our children. We must, in our turn, sacrifice, serve, give what we hold most precious, the lives of our youth, that this our country may live on in a finer, better, richer spiritual way than ever before.

No easy road lies before us. We will be burdened with taxes; we will be forced to forego old and pleasant ways of living; we will have to part with those whom we hold dearer than our own lives, but, strong in our faith, steadfast in loyalty to those who died in that faith, devoted to the future happiness and success of the children who must so soon take our places, we will fight on to the day when our cause triumphs, sustained by the memories of those who have traveled this Valley of Shadow before us.

When we are without some bit of comfort we once took for granted we will let it go with a smile, remembering the men at Valley Forge, hungry, barefooted, half frozen, holding on to God's hand, sure of His goodness and mercy and help.

When we are annoyed by the confusion of the politicians' selfish do's and do not's we will nod wisely and say to ourselves, "So they served Lincoln. So they served Wilson. It is we, the people, who fight and win this war. We, upon whom freedom of thought, of worship, of expression, and of action have been conferred, will, with our own hands, our own lives, defend them and hand them down to our children's children enriched and strengthened by our will. God helping us we can do no other."

In wartime war is the way of life. We must adjust our thinking and our behavior to its demands. Much as we hate

it there is no way out but to accept the hardships and annoyances and firmly resolve to make the best of a bad situation for the children's sake if not for our own.

We are burdened, harassed, worried to a frazzle. Our families are scattered; the young people's careers are broken before they have begun; nothing is as we would have it. We have been forced out of our comfortable ways into new and strangely inconvenient ones and we are distressed.

Pleasant ways of life were wiped out in a gun flash at Pearl Harbor. There is one lump of sugar for our morning coffee, and the coffee threatens to disappear beyond the horizon very soon. There are no tires for the car. "Living as usual" is out of the question because the "usual" has vanished.

People upon whom we depended are missing from their posts. The doctor has gone to the base hospital; the teacher has gone to the munitions works; the cook to the factory. The butcher boy is flying a plane in China and the grocery boy is driving an army truck somewhere across the world. War, war, war everywhere and nothing to do about it but help get along with it.

We older ones can get along somehow, but the children have to be helped to live through the war in such a fashion as to lessen its evil effects as far as possible. Our attitude will affect them and decide their attitudes. If we can be calm and assured, if we can face whatever comes courageously and confidently, they will be courageous and strong in their turn. That is our chief concern for the duration then, because if we win the war and lose this generation of children to illness, weakness and despair, we need not have fought it. Plan to keep these children occupied at home, in school, and in the community, and protect them from the worst effect of the war—fear.

Our lives and fortunes are bound up in the outcome of

this war and it is to be expected that our emotions are highly charged. There are few families without some members in the service. There is no family without a big stake in the war. Each day's battle is a drain and a strain on our nerves, and it is only by taking heed to the demands of duty at home and at work that we are able to maintain a steady control of them.

Children feel what we think long before they can hear and understand what we say. Words used to cover true feelings do not deceive them for any length of time. To make the children feel secure and safe we must feel secure and safe in our souls. Under the circumstances that is easier said than done and yet, for the sake of the children, it must be done.

Don't distress yourself more than you can help. Listening to every report that comes over the air, one contradicting the other in fast succession, only makes one confused, and that feeling is passed on to the children and makes them afraid. To listen to the radio news once a day is sufficient. Usually the evening report is as close to the facts as we can get.

Don't read every word of the war news day by day. This war is too big to take at one bite. A battle lost, a battle won today does not end the matter. Decide which paper you will read and limit the reading, or at least your interpretation of it, to the main sheet and the editorials. The rest will keep. Getting excited over every movement of the war will keep you worked up to the place where you are likely to lose control and the children will know and be afraid.

Shun the person who knows something that the authorities are not telling. He is much in evidence, and his contribution to the war effort is certainly nothing to strengthen

our side. Where he gets his information, how he could get it, why he wants to pass on what he knows in his heart to be without foundation save in his imagination, only he knows. He is a menace to our success, a threat to our strength, a nuisance. Shun him. We get all the news we need from the authoritative sources and we can well do without the other sort.

When the head of the house says we are being managed by a pack of this's or that's he strikes fear into the hearts of the listening children.

Avoid thinking, saying, feeling things that are likely to distress them. There will be enough occasions to feel anxiety, unavoidable occasions, without creating any. To each his duty. We have a government we elected. We have a press free to criticize and advise them. We still have the right to communicate with our lawmakers. There is no reason for losing our balance and viewing with alarm every change, every request, every limitation set upon us by those in responsible positions. It is our duty to keep still, do our work, comfort and sustain our children while we aid our government in every possible way. That still leaves us room for freedom.

The children who suffer most during wartime are the adolescents. They are keenly alive to all that goes on about them. They miss nothing of the news, excitement, and drama of the day. They are sensitive and eager to know all about the battles and the men who fight them. Many of them want to get into the service and share the adventures so glamorously depicted on the radio and in the news. Many, indeed most of them, are frightened, and their excitement is hiding it even from themselves.

These children must be steadied by the quiet, strong as-

surance of their parents. Words alone will not accomplish this, but occupation that is useful will. Each older boy and girl should be kept busy at worth-while work for the duration at least. Busy children are happy, and happy children have a hold on health that even a war fails to loosen.

Joan and Jim, high-school seniors preparing for college, were sadly bothered. Something had come over father and to save their lives they couldn't imagine what it could be. Mother would say nothing except, "Don't worry your father just now. He needs to be left in peace."

Father, who had been their friend and confidant ever since they could remember, had suddenly become a stranger who barely spoke to them. If they asked him a question he replied curtly so they could hear the period set to the conversation. When they tried to tell him a story they discovered he was not listening.

"What have we done?" they asked each other. "Do you think he has lost all his money? Wouldn't it be awful if it was what happened to Tom and Lou? You know, when their father got a divorce. You think he is sick with an incurable disease? If only we could find out what was wrong we might do something, but this way we are sunk."

The household that used to be so gay, so full of good fellowship, was sad and empty and very lonely, and the two children took to hiding in corners and talking in whispers. At the table they sat in silence, eating little and trying to be as invisible as possible.

One day Mother could stand it no longer. She called them to her and told them the story.

"Your father had a call to go with his old unit to a base hospital and he wanted to go badly. All the other physicians of the outfit were going and they urged him to go along.

They needed him. You know he is an expert in his field. He felt he could not go and leave you two and me. He feels bad about staying and yet feels he must. You'll have to be patient and wait until this passes."

"Why didn't he tell us? We've been scared to death worrying about him. And why can't he go?"

The mother and children who can discuss such a problem are the family who can solve this same problem.

It is not possible to keep trouble from children. The feeling of uncertainty, the imaginings and fears it creates in them are far worse in their effects than the full knowledge of the facts can be.

When children know the facts they can face them bravely and effectively. Often they have powers of resistance, ideas of value in emergency, strength for the occasion beyond anything their parents imagine. Take these older children into partnership, a complete partnership that includes grief as well as joy; tell them the conditions and ask their help and they will respond wonderfully.

Don't shield children of adolescent age. They are strong in spirit, stronger than their elders, and they have energy and enthusiasm and idealism to fall back on that amazes older people when they see them in action.

Give these children their full share in the life of today. It is their right, and it is the parents' privilege to have the support of their children in the day of trial.

Mothers are hard pressed these days. Every day brings fresh worry of some sort. There is shortage of this and that, the children wear out their clothes and it is difficult to replace them, they fall ill and the doctor is away to camp, they listen to war tales and come home all excited and

jumpy, and with all the other troubles that the war has brought these seem too much.

When you feel crowded just stop where you are and sit down, even if you have to have bread and butter and the leftover coffee for lunch and quiet your mind with the thought that although your day is jammed most of the load is unimportant. Tomorrow will see it disposed of, and only the important things, like the calmness and strength of your soul, count. Get these first and keep first things first.

Nobody pretends that life is easy these days or that there is no cause for worry and grief. There are plenty of both to wear us down. We cannot send out an army of our youth without shaking us to our foundations but we can, and we will, stand stanchly on those foundations in home and in community life.

Stop long enough to remember that life has never been secure for any of us. Always there have been people suffering, hoping, laboring under great difficulties, and now that it is our turn we can live through it bravely as they have done. It is the spirit of man that survives every danger, every hardship. As long as we maintain our souls in calmness, as long as we can trust in the infinite power of good—and we surely can do that—we are secure. Security is of the spirit, never in material things.

When the water fails and the plumber is not on hand, when a child falls ill and the doctor is absent, when Father discloses that his business is about to close for the duration and he is not certain what to do next, quiet your soul. Remember, "Be still and know that I am God," was a command to you. If you obey it, if you stop where you are and go apart into the quiet of your own soul and stay with it until your mind clears and your faith soars, you will come through the worst in good heart.

There is much to do. Don't try to do it all, not at one time. Sit down and list the work you think should be done tomorrow. Go over it and cross out anything that will keep for another day. There are many such jobs, and you are likely to discover that there was no great necessity for their being done at all. Letters often answer themselves. Problems that involve other people usually solve themselves without your help. List only those tasks that must be done first and your day will be simplified and you can attend to the things that keep life moving.

Keep the children busy and try to make occasions for laughter in their day for you and they both need it. And above all, work for a calm spirit. All else will follow that.

Every home needs the quiet hour. Every human being, old or young, needs a place of quiet where he can rest his body and find peace for his soul, a place apart for prayer and meditation.

Children need this quiet time. They will not understand about the prayer and meditation, but we can leave those for the day when their own souls speak to them about them. In the meantime we can teach them to practice going into the quiet place and staying there for a time to renew their strength.

We plan to give babies a nap. Soon they outgrow it. But they do not outgrow their need for that quiet time, that rest and relief from the pressure of the day, and we must provide for it in some other form. When we find a child will no longer sleep at the set hour we can prepare him for rest as usual. Soften the light in the quiet room. Move gently and speak slowly and softly. Subdue the rhythm and sound of life in the household. Set the stage for quiet and quiet will come. That would preclude all re-

marks about sleeping, the necessity for a nap, the need for rest. Take all that for granted and emphasize in silence the peace of the hour.

Let the child lie quietly on his bed. Don't allow him to talk and if he insists upon doing so take over the conversation yourself, talking softly, singing a sleepy song, a soothing hymn or a lullaby, telling a sleepy story, playing softly a soothing melody.

Rest that is real must rest the spirit. If one keeps that in mind there will be less difficulty in getting the child to enter the quiet of his soul.

Supply the active child with a picture book. He is to turn its pages and study them without talking. Give him the best picture books you can find, the fine drawing and line and color that the artist creates. One of the loveliest I ever saw was published last Christmas time. It was a child's picture book and the pictures and stories were centered on the prayers of childhood. A book like that would be a perfect thing for a little child's quiet time.

A good story book, a set of picture cards, a favorite doll or toy, will help a child pass his quiet time happily.

At the start do not expect the child to keep quiet for more than half an hour at the most. In time, if he is trained carefully day by day, the same hour, the same place, every day, against a background of peace and quiet, he will look forward to that hour and lengthen it.

The quiet of soul, the controlled spirit, which we seek through this quiet hour will not come through imposition. It comes out of inner growth, and that is promoted by the spirit of peace itself, the calm strength of silence that arises from the disciplined, assured soul of the leader. Its possession is worth all the care its nurture demands.

The emergencies of the war force us into uncomfortable situations, uncomfortable, mainly, because they are new ways. Nobody likes the unusual, especially when it takes away things we like—entertainment, food, cars, lights—and few of us are self-sacrificing enough to accept inconvenience without grouching. Some of us even try to keep our comforts in spite of restrictions and the need for them.

“Yes, I know, Mother, but everybody else does.”

Everybody else is not doing it. If that were so we could not go on with the war. There are a few selfish and stupid people always in our midst. Why join their club? Why not stay with our own, those who understand the need for rationing, giving, serving, for the country's good instead of joining the selfish ones even a phrase-worth?

If you don't “do it,” you are one that does not and “everybody's doing it” is therefore untrue. Add to yourself all the others in the community who “don't do it,” and you have the great majority of loyal American citizens who are working night and day to win the war.

Stay well within the rationing, save a little sugar, save a bit more on the tires, spare the gas a little more, just to be on the safe, the right side. Because you happen to have enough gas to run down to the corner for the evening paper is no reason why you should do so. Even if you have enough sugar you need not use four lumps for one cup of coffee. In the day of emergencies prepare for emergency and be that much surer of yourself.

Children always find it difficult to oppose their opinions and ways to those of more aggressive attitudes, especially when the smart boy or girl leader of the gayest group says “Come along. What's the matter with you? You don't think, do you, that your saving a gallon of gas is going to win the war? Don't take such a narrow view. Be broad-minded.

You're the only one that feels that way." Another of the group joins in: "What's the idea? Want to feel you're better, more patriotic than the rest of us? Don't you think we work to win the war the same as you do? Don't think you're the only American in the crowd."

That kind of thing is hard for a young person to face down but it has to be done somehow. Just as long as there is one to stand for what is right it cannot be said with truth, "Everybody's doing it." It never is the truth. There is always a host standing by for the defense of the righteous cause. That claim of "Everybody" is just plain silly, a childish attempt to cover up.

Grown people can do a great deal, to help young folk to carry on by encouraging them, praising them for self-control, for their service, for their loyalty to their principles. Upon the quality of the character of this coming generation the fate of this nation rests. We older people can render no greater service today than this of sustaining the youth of the land in spiritual growth and physical development. With all our doing let this be our first charge, the welfare of the children who will take our places very soon.

Every so often it becomes necessary for the Government to ration some essential service or material. That ought not to excite us too much. We cannot wage a war that extends to the four corners of the world without paying for it in every phase of our lives. Food and clothes and shelter, health and recreation and general living all pay for the war. War eats our cake and puts a lien on the bread as well.

Nobody says sacrifices are no hardship. Going without the comforts and necessities is a shock, but we can take it. We can go without sugar, we can give up the cars, we can live in colder houses, and do with less food as long as we feel

we do so of our own free will. We are still free, we will remain free, so what we give up we still hold.

Adjust the home ways to the national needs as cheerfully as possible lest the children feel the threat of catastrophe.

One day shortly after the sugar rationing a little girl came to school pale and red-eyed and her teacher asked what was wrong. The child shook with sobs and finally managed to say, "The Germans took all the sugar in the world and my daddy says there won't be anything to feed us soon, we'll all be sick, and the Germans can come over and get us as easy as pie." She had heard her father grumble about the sugar for his coffee, the only sugar he ever used, and her imagination filled out the picture. We cannot be too careful about what we feel and what we say in the presence of children.

We have had cars for only a short span of our history. We have used radio and electrical appliances for a few short years. We can lay them aside for a while and start out on a new-old way of life and feel like pioneers again.

It is not possible for us to hide the adjustments we have to make from the children. Tell the whole story to those old enough to understand. The taxes will take money that used to be spent for other things—education, vacations, trips, clothes, special lessons, clubs, services of many sorts, and it is best to be frank about the whole business and let the older children share in the adjustments.

Don't call them sacrifices. When a young man gives up his future, offers his life in pledge of our cause, he is making a sacrifice. Beside his offering the loss of an extra lump of sugar, the absence of car service, maid service, and extra shoes is nothing. Beside the hardship and suffering and despair of a hard-fought battle, the adjustments required of us civilians are trifles lighter than air. Forget them and get

on with the job and so help the children to learn to live according to their spiritual and physical endowments. They will do that in proportion to our attitude of acceptance and service. The quality of the future American citizens is something that lies largely in our hands.

Hoarding is an indication of fear and fear is about our worst enemy. We ration a service or a material so as to make what we have go a long way and cover the needs of as many people as possible. If we allow a fear of need to drive us to buy more than we need and hoard it against the day of want, we cheat. That is not according to our standards of patriotism.

The effect of panic buying, of hoarding, on the children, is bad. When they see us anxious about how much sugar there is in the pantry, about getting gas for the car, about having next year's shoes on hand, and enough tea for the duration, they begin to worry about those things. The rations take on great importance in their minds and they center on the idea of want. One child appeared greatly troubled and confessed that he was worried because his mother had only two old, woollen dresses and they might not last until the war was over and she might get a cold and die and what would become of him and his little sister then? He was a bright boy of fourteen, but he had fastened on this idea and dwelt upon it until he was ill.

Let the children know that happiness, strength, and life itself do not depend alone upon the food we eat nor the things we use and wear, but that the way we feel about them has a great deal to do with health and strength and long life. If you cheerfully, honestly feel that going without something is helping the men at the front you will not miss it and you will discover a new strength flowing

into your body and soul to more than take the place of anything you seemed to miss. Teach the children just that.

Don't be oversaving but use what you have. Use does not mean abuse. What we use we can use with appreciation and care. By teaching the children to care for their belongings, for the household equipment, we lay the foundation for thrift in the future. Waste is the characteristic of the unintelligent and we have to confess that in the past there have been marked indications of just such unintelligent behavior among us.

We have rather encouraged the notion that to be careful of money and goods is to be stingy, a "tightwad," which to most of us is an awful charge. Being careful of our resources, using them wisely, is the intelligent thing to do, and if we can teach the children that idea, persuade them that anything we have is the result of somebody's hard work, that all labor is the result of a task that took toll of someone's life, we will do our country a great service and give our children a bit of human understanding that will stand them in good stead in the years to come.

Clothing that is in good condition, books, toys, tools no longer required can be passed along to those who need them so sadly. Everything that is conserved adds to the wealth of the world and we are sure to need it somewhere, and soon. Saving for use is conserving. Saving to hold for ourselves against a need that may never materialize, as when we hasten to buy a supply of rationed goods, is hoarding. Just another kind of waste with a touch of meanness added.

CHAPTER II

TIME TO REDISCOVER THE HOME

GOING OUT FOR THE EVENING will not be as easy as it was a few months ago when the movies were "around the corner" or a short car drive down to the village. Entertainment has to be found at home. In the families where there are young people this must be given some thought. They cannot be allowed to fuss and fume and grumble about the house. Evenings must be filled with activities they can share and enjoy.

Reading aloud while the group sew and knit, make balsam pillows or carve workboxes, make bits of handwork, is a very good way out. Reading a good book aloud entertains and instructs and makes an otherwise dull hour pass brightly.

There are fine books at hand in the public libraries, in the lending libraries, and on the family bookshelves. Take down some of the old books and read them to the children and discover for yourself new meanings in the old words.

One reads with his mind, and the mind enriched by experience finds new meanings in every reading of a good old book such as the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, the dictionary.

The dictionary is a good book for reading aloud, and great fun for those who can find interest in words.

For the children just growing up read *Treasure Island* again, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Little Women*, *Jo's Boys*, and *Captains Courageous*. Any book that you enjoyed and remembered—long ago assigned to the top shelf of the bookcase—will be just the thing. We remember only the good books we read; the poor ones are forgotten.

Make music in the house. One grows weary of the radio noises called music; the good music programs are too few. The family never grow weary of the music they make for themselves no matter how poor it may be in comparison with the Philharmonic. Dust off the organ, the piano, and the banjo. Bring out the old fiddle and the drum and the horn. Get together and play and sing the old songs. Bring in the neighbors to help.

Music will do more to keep the family cheerful, contented, and united than all the public sorts of entertainment put together could ever do.

Let the children bring in their friends and dance to their own music. Don't be afraid of the noise or the wear and tear on the house. Just put away the precious things likely to be harmed and let them go to it. Let them know home again as their grandmothers and grandfathers knew it. They found no great hardship in staying home evenings because they knew how to make those hours joyous, worth while, gay. We can do that too.

Talk this over with the family and come to an agreement on the program for the evenings for one week. Then for the next, and before long you will be searching for free time instead of worrying about what you are going to do to fill those dreary evening hours. Home need be no palace

to make it a place of pleasure for those who live in it. It is just a matter of taking thought.

"Come on over to our house tonight and we'll have some fun." That invitation comes from the joyous realization that home is open to one's friends. It is a compliment to the heads of the family; one, I fear, dearly earned.

Having the friends of the children in for the evening means no quiet hour for Father and Mother. The rugs are rolled up, the radio is tuned in, or the phonograph records are laid out ready for use. The furniture is shoved around and the kitchen, the icebox, and the bathroom are invaded by as noisy and eager a group of young people as ever graced a home.

It is hard on Mother, who takes pride in the carefully tended furniture. The legs of the chairs are scuffed, the cushions are piled on the floor, sat on, shoved about, squashed, and folded into comfortable bundles until they resemble something the junkman left behind.

Cigarettes leave their marks on window sills, tables, and even the piano. Ashes are scattered and drinks are spilled. The noise is terrific. But the children are at home, their friends are with them, and they are all being young together. That is the important thing.

Tell the young host or hostess, or both, that you need a little co-operation from them in the matter of the care of the household fittings. Explain their value, try to teach them the meaning these things have for you and which they will have for them, too, later, and see if they cannot keep the ashes closer to the trays and the drinks in the glasses, at least until they find their proper resting places.

Remove the family heirlooms for the duration of the "At Home," or until the guests and hosts are sufficiently understanding of them to avoid injuring them. Allow the chil-

dren to dress the rooms according to their requirements for the party, so there will be no bare spots. The young ones have plenty of ideas that come in handy in such situations. Let them put the five-and-ten dishes on the kitchen table, with paper napkins, and let them have their way with refreshments that they prepare, closing an alarmed eye to the sight of pickles and cookies with iced cocoa. If they like them let them have them. An occasional spree will not hurt any well-fed child beyond a day's mending while a rigid home life might and would.

Let them dance and sing. You won't understand the dances. They may shock you. Don't be alarmed. They are nothing more than physical exercise set to the music that suits the mood of adolescent children. They enjoy them more if shared by the boy or the girl of the moment. Take them in your stride and know that "this, too, will pass."

The songs may weary you beyond words, and the harmonizing may be an agony to your trained ear. Don't listen with your trained ear but with your understanding heart. The children are at home, with their friends, under their own sturdy roof, the roof you built for them with your own hands and your great love. With that understanding you will find yourself in perfect harmony with them.

Just now home and all that belongs to it is doubly precious. Share it with the children, gladly. It is the memories of those evenings when the gang gathered "over to my house" that are going to stay with these children down the years to warm their hearts in the day of adversity, to give them courage, to assure them that life, at its worst, is still mighty well worth the living.

The lessons you've learned in peacetime are doubly important to remember now. You know, for instance, that a frightened child cannot eat, and he loses strength rapidly.

That robs him of resistance to illness and to fear and the fear increases as his resistance lessens. Prevention of fear is the only safeguard for these little ones, and when there are older brothers and sisters it becomes their duty to protect them, teach them, comfort them, amuse them, offer them companionship and certainty.

Lay in a store of stories that little children like: Mother Goose nursery rhymes, especially those that have a repetitive scheme like "The House That Jack Built," "Pig, Pig, Go Over the Brig," "Cock Robin."

Simple, rather monotonous, to older folk, activities must be planned and waiting for the hour of need. Lay in colored rags, needles, scissors, and thread; scraps of colored paper and mucilage, or paste; samples of wallpaper; bits of cardboard and odds and ends of thin wood; beads; buttons in a box; paints and brushes and crayons; a quiet room with tables and chairs and running water available if possible. Failing a faucet, a pail of water and a basin will do.

Plan a doll family; create a village; or a block of houses with people; cut and paste and paint them alive; make bead ornaments; paper favors; hats for dress performances of stories; avoid war uniforms. If the older children can make puppets and put on a show, letting the little ones help, the whole group will have a wonderful time.

There should be musical instruments, especially for little children's use in the leisure hours. The older ones can direct them in using xylophones, harmonicas, drums, bells, horns, sandpaper, whistles, triangles—there is no end to the possibilities of a kindergarten band led by an expert comb player of five years. The idea is to let the older children lead the little ones so that both groups are actively engaged and therefore free from strain—as free as we can hope.

Train the little ones to follow carefully the directions of

their leaders during air-raid drill. This can be done without frightening them if one takes it as a matter of course. Little children like to obey orders, line up like soldiers, and march under direction. Use this trait for their protection now and train the older children to lead the little ones. A daily drill during the war will not be amiss. The more accustomed they are to obeying a signal and following a leader, the surer they will be in time of trouble if trouble comes.

Of course nobody will frighten little children by threatening them, telling them fearful war stories, allowing them to listen to war reports that frighten them without enlightening them in any way. The regular routined day—baths, meals, play, rest, amusement, thoughtful care—will bring them through.

The children who suffer most from the war depression are those old enough to worry but not old enough to look outside of home for useful occupation. They must be kept busy. Reading to themselves is not just what is needed. They hold the book, but worry slips in between the lines and no good comes of it. They need something to do with their hands.

The girls can sew. They can make clothes for themselves and for the younger ones, if there is material and some supervision. Boys and girls can sew on patchwork quilts. There are some beautiful samples of old quilts to be seen in the museums and in local shows. Perhaps there is a family heirloom that can be copied. Making a quilt like those of colonial days in an interesting occupation. If the pattern is an original one with the children, so much the better.

Weaving is a fine pastime, and most useful. Every family has rags and these can be washed, dyed, sewed, wound into balls, then woven into mats, carpets, draperies, couch covers

—hosts of things for the household use. Boys and girls alike love weaving. Who owns a loom? Maybe one can be borrowed; or one can be bought.

Making scrapbooks is a good way to fill a leisure hour. A collection of war cartoons would be invaluable in years to come. A bookful of editorials, one of maps, one of headlines—the world is full of scraps for such books. Collections of one sort and another fill many books and bring comfort and profit to their owners.

If there is a place for a workbench, much can be done with bits of wood. Old furniture can be scraped and refinished and covered. Toys and models, bits of wood carving, metal work provide handwork for all the children. There is something about the feel of work in the hands that soothes the mind and comforts the spirit. It drives away fear and steadies the will. Busy hands lay the foundation for courage and usefulness in time of emergency.

Part of every job is cleaning up afterward. Little children have to learn that part of the business, too, and sometimes difficulty arises between them and the older person in charge.

Older people know that children must be trained to pick up after themselves, clean their workshop, leave a trim job behind them. What they do not know is that cleaning up is a job in its own right. Often it is more labor to clean the workshop after the job is done than to do the job itself. And cleaning up has a technique of its own that must be mastered.

Little children work hard when they do any kind of task. Their play calls for muscular adjustments, skills, and decisions that are new to them. They have to make an effort to fit two bits of board, to tie a knot, to arrange a number of things in a neat order.

Although we call their business play it is for them what we would call work. At the end of their playtime they are too tired to start all over again and work at cleaning up. That is why parents have trouble making Tommy pick up things and put his playshelf in neat order. Tommy is tired out before cleaning-up time comes.

Have as few things out as possible. If many different bits of stuff are to be used keep putting some away as the work proceeds, on the principle that what is not out need not be put in. Stop well ahead of the end of the play hour so as to allow time and strength for the cleaning up. Then help with it.

Don't feel that you are indulging a child by helping him clean up his workshop. Give him a hand. Begin by saying, "Let's get some of these things away now. I'll pick up these big fellows. You hand me the little ones. There, you set those on the shelf. I'll put these up. We will get the place straightened out in no time. All set? You close the door and there we are."

Co-operation is better than supervision any time, and a child who is helped to put his things away will leave his task in better spirit than the one who is told to pick his things up and tidy up all by himself.

Be sure to have a place for the things once they are picked up. Don't let it be overcrowded. When the shelves are so full that opening the door is at the risk of your head it is time to clean out the closet, sort the stuff, and give away what is not needed. That will be another fine chore for the young person who owns the lot.

Give the children things that make cleaning easy. A little broom is a temptation to its use. All children love to sweep. A toy dustpan, a dustcloth, a little carpet sweeper, and a mop, all in miniature, are things all children love to use,

and cleaning-up time is the time to bring them out.

Let the little ones help in the house cleanup too. Mothers find it easier to do the work themselves, of course, but that does not teach the little ones to be useful, to see disorder and to right it, to keep busy at a useful occupation, and to grow a seasoned, well-trained body.

The best way to learn anything is still the old way: Do it. Give the children a helping hand; encourage them; plan for the cleaning-up time; give them the place and the time and the tools, and you train them for usefulness, resourcefulness, and self-help.

CHAPTER III

OUR OLDER CHILDREN IN A WARTIME WORLD

ADOLESCENTS and the boys and girls from eighteen to the early twenties—these are our children too. Their world has been more upset than that of the younger children. You must give them more help than ever before.

When the young men went to camp the girls had to stay behind. Even though they are engaged in war service of one sort or another they are still left behind. The men are at the front and they don't drop around every evening, they don't call on the telephone, they send no post cards, and they attend no movies with the girl friends.

That makes life a lonesome thing for any girl however devoted to her work she may be. Going out with the boy of her choice, dancing with him or sitting out this one, and having a heart-to-heart talk about something tremendously important to both, planning, quarreling, making up, going out and staying in, in association with him, are as much a part of her life as her daily bread.

She misses these. Until the boy comes home she does the best she can to put a brave face on it, hide her loneliness, and keep on going. She writes to him, she waits for

word from him, and when it is delayed she is distressed. He and his fate are in her mind constantly in work and in leisure.

We are not so thoughtful of these teen-age girls as we might be. We take them too much for granted. If they look a little downcast someone speaks about it without sympathy, and if they seem quiet they are rallied about that, too, until they long to be left alone in peace.

It is all very well for those who have no sweetheart at the front to laugh the situation off. The girl does not feel a bit like laughing. She is trying to keep her troubles to herself and that is struggle enough for one burdened soul to bear without anyone's adding to it by commands to cheer up and snap out of it and be a sport.

Encourage this girl to keep busy, but not too busy. She needs some relief for the sake of her mind and body. Encourage her to go out with the friends she clings to without insisting that she be the life of the party. Let her share in the good times without feeling she must create them and allow her to be quiet when she wants to be. Soon she will find a way of joining in the general recreation without feeling disloyal to the absent boy.

Don't bother these girls with remarks about the short memories of men at the front. The girls know all about that and if they doubt the loyalty of the young man the remarks add nothing to their knowledge and less to their faith. They know men pretty well and it is best to let them do their own thinking and their own doing at a time like this.

Nobody can save these young people from the grief of a war. Each must bear his own burden; each must find the easiest way to bear it; each must suffer his lot come what may. All we can do is to stand by in a spirit of understand-

ing helpfulness and leave them alone until they ask for help or advice. And we should be very careful about that advice.

There is little we know about others' lives, even those of our own children. These young people are no longer children, so we cannot reach them as we did in their childhood. They are not mature men and women, so we cannot reach them as we might were they experienced, seasoned characters. Part child, part adult, wholly inexperienced in the ways of an adult world, they are caught in the toils of a terrible war. So are we. The best we can do for the young people is to lend them the support of our affection and experience and hope for the best for all of us.

Meantime, we can be kind, patient, understanding, and as helpful as the circumstances allow. We can remember that every lonely soldier at the front left an equally lonely girl behind him, and it is our privilege to help the one as well as the other for the honor of our country.

The men in service need letters from home. Some of them get few if any, and it is a real service to the cause to write a letter to these lonely ones. To stand by while others get letters and boxes and get nothing day after day is a most depressing experience. The girls who undertake to write to these men have the right idea.

But one thing must be remembered. In spite of the uniform, in spite of the emotional tensions of the war, these young men are still young men with all the characteristics proper to their kind. They enjoy getting letters from the girls. They love to get their pictures too. And they just dote on showing the other fellows those letters and those pictures. That is something the girls must remember.

All such letters should be written with the idea that many people will read them and associate them with the young woman who wrote them. All girls want to have the good

opinion of everybody who considers them at all, so they must keep these people in mind while they write to the soldier.

Keep all mention of personal feeling out of the letters. Fill them with everyday news: the garden, the dog, the ball game, who won it, who made the best play; put in a story about a child, or a funny story about something relating to pets or home people. A joke on the drill sergeant is always in order. A funny cartoon, Mr. Milquetoast, Metropolitan Movies, Bride, Trailer Tintypes are always good for a cheerful grin or two. Clippings are a wonderful help if they are selected wisely. And they add reading matter to the letter—something not to be scorned by any soldier.

These letters are written to help a soldier feel that he is remembered and his ways respected by those at home, not to sell anybody anything, any idea beyond the one that as a soldier he commands the love and admiration and respect of those he left behind. That removes any chance for romancing and keeps the correspondence where it belongs, on the basis of friendly respect.

Don't ask the soldier questions. Keep off the war as much as possible. He has it for daily bread and he looks to those letters for relief from it. Don't fill the letter with fears for his welfare, his health, his personal safety. Take that all for granted. The chances are that the soldier is as well cared for in camp as ever he was at home as far as his physical needs are concerned.

Allow no gloomy thoughts to stray into your letter. The world is still full of a number of things to keep us happy when we remember them, and this letter to a lonely soldier is intended to do just that, remind him of things that make him happy: thoughts of the affection for him in the hearts of his countrymen, of the friends waiting for his return, of

the good job he is doing, of the honor in which he is held.

One thing more. No matter how experienced the young woman may be who writes to a lonely soldier who is a stranger to her, her letter should be read by an older and more experienced person before it is sent. That is for her protection, and not because nosy people want to know what she is doing. We can all do with a bit of friendly advice now and then, and this is one time when it is needed 100 per cent.

Girls of eighteen through the early twenties are not exactly children, nor are they by any stretch of time or imagination women of poise gained by experience. They have many of the attributes of childhood and a few of those of womanhood. They need steady heads to carry them through their war service without damage to their future.

Many of our young women are engaged in aiding the hostesses to servicemen. They serve in the big halls where many soldiers gather, in church houses, private homes, entertaining the servicemen, dancing with them, listening to their stories, helping them to refreshments. Some of them meet ships and trains; some serve behind desks, some in hospitals. Wherever servicemen are the young women are needed, and usually are to be found.

A word to these young women, so completely devoted to their country's good, so inexperienced in the ways of a man with a maid, so ignorant of the ways of the world with a young woman who incurs its displeasure as to be helpless in the face of a major mistake. Watch yourself. You and you only will live your life through and after this war. You and you only will have to suffer for any mistake you make in association with a serviceman.

True, our young women know the facts of life. So do

the young men. True, times have changed since Grandmother wore hoops and sat in the parlor with her beau. But human nature has not changed nor have the attitudes of older people changed toward the young woman who oversteps the bounds that have been set for her. No proud defiance of opinion, of custom, or of law, can, or will, lessen the grief of the young woman who forgets the actualities of wifehood and motherhood in the glamor of wartime. They hold good to the end. Be careful.

Hostesses have a duty here. In selecting the girls who are to entertain soldiers they should be careful to pick those who are not easily stirred by emotion at the sight of a homesick lad, by the soft love tones of a selfish man who takes what he can get wherever he gets it in the way of pleasure. There are some girls who cannot withstand blandishments of this sort, and a mature woman such as a hostess of a service organization soon discovers them. They should be given work that does not make emotional demands upon them and encouraged to stay within its limitations.

To the girls who attend parties where they meet uniformed men in the service say something like this: "Keep your head. Don't let emotion sweep you off your feet. Treat this young man you are giving a pleasant evening as you would treat any other man you had met for the first time. Don't gush over him. Don't idealize him. He is just another young man who happens to be wearing the uniform of his country's service, and he has all the characteristic faults and virtues of his youth. Don't imagine that he has lived for twenty years or more without knowing a girl and liking her a lot. He has not been waiting for you all these years, and the girl he left behind deserves your consideration. Be pleasant, casual, and impersonal and let him go his way foot-loose and free as when he first saw you.

Listen to what he says and ask no questions. Forget all he told you the moment he leaves you. Don't give him your picture. You don't want it pinned above the wash-basin with a lot of other pictures of girls, horses, prize fighters, and whatnot. Save it. There will be a more fitting time. Don't make dates with servicemen who are strangers to you. If you belong to a group who write letters to lonely soldiers, write, but make sure that your mother or some woman like her reads the letters before they are mailed. You'd hate to have a silly letter fall into a stranger's hands. Such letters have the strangest way of turning up at the most embarrassing moments.

It is fine of you to help to make an evening pass delightfully for a young man far from home. Don't go beyond that service. Be polite, impersonal, gay, but hold back, maintain your reserve. Do what your mother told you to do and your service will be real, a happy memory, instead of a curse on you all the days of your life.

It seems to me rather risky to encourage young women to take servicemen who are strangers to them in their cars to places of entertainment outside those established by the authorities. It seems to me that the young people need not go to roadhouses, movies, or house parties when the men are servicemen lately arrived in camp. The established center is the place for their entertainment.

War work is calling girls away from home. They go as clerks, secretaries, machine-shop workers, and nurses' aides. They serve in all sorts of capacities in all sorts of places, wherever there is need. Fathers and mothers do not like to see their girls leave home under the conditions of today. Some of them accept it with resignation, some protest, some say an emphatic, "No."

This is a war that includes the girls. Many of them would prefer their usual way of life, no doubt. They did not choose this way, but had it thrust upon them. Their brothers and sweethearts are in camp or in action, and they know that they must support them behind the lines if the men's sacrifice is to achieve its purpose. It is not right, then, to make their leaving home a matter of family controversy.

When the boys are called, fathers and mothers try valiantly to send them off without tears or protests. They hide their feelings as well as they can. They speak encouraging words, praise the boys' courage and willingness to serve. They know they must. They should know by now that the girl who leaves home behind her and goes to a strange place to type letters, run errands, work at a switchboard, man a canteen, or whatever else she is required to do, goes in the same spirit as the boy goes, and needs the same cheers and the same Godspeed.

The girls who go into war service are not exactly children. They have been trained in some field of work and it is fair to credit them with some degree of good sense and understanding of their position. If they are not mature enough to take care of themselves away from home for the duration there is good ground for supposing they never will be, and there is no use worrying about that.

The girl who goes wrong goes that way at home just as easily as she might do away from home. There is no lack of opportunity any time, anywhere. The well-poised young woman who goes to do war work is as safe at her post as she would be at home, often more so.

Away from home, in the ranks of the war workers, she is provided with everything she needs in the way of recreation, health care, and spiritual refreshment. She needs the support of the home people in words of encourage-

ment, in letters, in little reminders of affection. She does not need, and she should not have, tears, laments, and dire prophecies of failure. She, too, is a soldier, and it is our duty to stand by her and cheer her on.

After all, the world we are fighting for belongs to these young people, and the women are concerned in it equally with the men. These young women are going to gain experiences that will broaden their understanding of life, strengthen their ideals of American government, and enable them to be more intelligent in all the ways of their lives—lives that they will have to live out under the conditions of the new world they help to create.

Send them off cheerfully and if you must cry, cry alone. There is really nothing involved here that we have the right to cry about. Our youth are leaving us behind in our old world and going out bravely to create their own. Our part in the scheme is to be their background, their source of material and spiritual supply. That calls for no tears. Let us salute them as they go and stand by our post of duty.

The young people who are engaged in war work are earning good wages—more than usual for most of them. Some fathers and mothers think that this money should be turned over to the head of the house and used as a family fund without the consent or approval of the young wage earners.

“We’ve supported them all these years. Think of all they have cost us for education, doctors’ bills, food, clothing, housing, and everything else they wanted. Now when they begin to earn money they want to keep it for themselves instead of paying us back.”

“Children are so ungrateful. We gave our boy everything, including college and travel. Now just as soon as he is earning good wages he wants to get married. No thought of

what he owes us at all. What's the good of raising children when that's all they care about you?"

That is a dreadful situation in any family. Dreadful because it is so wrong. Wrong at the foundation. Parents do not have children as an investment. Children are the outcome of marriage and the expression of love. They belong not to their parents, but to the future of the human race, and, as such, are God's charges and not their parents' property.

Parental possessiveness separates children and parents. Most of the fathers and mothers of America understand this, but there are still enough left who want to put mortgages on their children's lives to make a heap of trouble. That mortgage is one that never can be collected and is best forgotten.

What children owe their parents is love. Love is not bought. It is earned, but the payment is not in this world's coin. Love is a feeling. It is a contagion of the spirit. The child who has known love reflects it, and there is never a question between that child and his parents as to payment of duty or money or service.

Love flows freely. It is never hoarded, never measured, never found wanting. When it exists between parents and children there is a rivalry of affection, but none of possession of any sort.

Where there is the right relationship between young people and their parents a word of advice, a consultation, and a sharing of interests are always evident. Rightly trained, the young people will know how to use part of their earnings for necessities, share a part with others, and save a part for future needs.

As to those young people who want to marry now, who is to say "No"? Marriage is a purely personal matter. The feelings of parents, while acute, are not important to the

marriage. The good or ill of the outcome will fall with greater force upon the young people concerned than on anyone else. It is also true that fathers and mothers must share the joy or the grief of their children. That is their lot. But come what may, they cannot live their children's lives, cannot prevent their mistakes, and cannot act for their good. The children alone may live their days out for good or for ill. That is their lot.

Parents have twenty years to teach and train their children. After that they must abide by the result and keep hoping for the best. After childhood comes maturity, and from its responsibilities none escapes. Let the young people go free.

Should the young men going to camp marry before they leave? This question is causing anxiety in many a household today. I for one cannot answer it because the last word must lie with the two young people.

What bothers many of the fathers and mothers concerned is the future of the marriage. Suppose the young man goes to a far-off land and is there for several years and meets a girl he likes and in his loneliness forgets the girl he left behind him? It has happened.

Suppose there is a child of this marriage and the father never comes back and the girl is unable to support herself and the child as he ought to be supported and he becomes the charge of the family on either side? Suppose both families want him? Suppose neither wants him? It has happened.

Suppose the young wife, left alone for several years, meets another young man whom she fancies, falls in love with him, and forgets the boy who went off to the war? That has happened.

Suppositions like these are futile in the face of the situa-

tion. Nobody knows what will happen regarding this marriage and no guess is better than another. Usually what happens is something nobody thought about at all. Clear the question by dropping all the suppositions and leave just two questions. Do these young people love each other? Does America need their child? If the answer is Yes, the matter is settled and the future must lie, as it ever has, with God.

I am for every marriage possible and for every healthy child that can be reared. We are sending off our best youth. We are keeping back fathers of families, skilled workers, all good people, and with them the unfit group, which is not an inconsiderable one when their probable children are to be considered in relation to our population. We need quality in our children, need it acutely now. If we lose the children of these fine young people now we stand to lose them permanently.

I have great faith in the young men and women who marry in the face of war. They know what the probabilities and the dangers are and they defy them. They are strong and brave and resourceful. The girls are no weaklings. They can be trusted to do their part for their children. Give them, and give their country, a chance at the solution of one of our most pressing problems, the quantity and the quality of the next generation.

I am talking about marriage between young people who have known each other for years, not quickie marriages. They are out. Young people who marry on sight are likely to be just as quick at forgetting they have done so, and the end of that situation is worse than its beginning. But for the marriages of healthy young people who have grown up together I vote a hearty Yes and I pray them Godspeed.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOME EXTENDS INTO THE COMMUNITY

THE WAR demands work from civilians. Every able-bodied man and woman has to serve to the best of his ability if we are to win this war. This means mothers as well as fathers. Because the family must be maintained in the best possible way for the children's sake the mothers can seldom give more than a few hours daily, and that not every day, to such work. The Red Cross, the Bundles, the Canteen service, First Aid, all these essential services are dependent upon the part-time work of mothers of families.

The experience will broaden and enrich the lives of the women engaged in it and give the older children a chance to take over responsibility for worth-while work. These children can take care of their younger brothers and sisters; they can prepare the vegetables and make the dessert, set the table, and cook the evening meal. Having things ready for Father and Mother when they return from the day's work is a source of great pride for these young folk.

Don't expect too much from them. Train them by degrees to take over such responsibilities. Praise them for what they

do well and point out what they could improve upon next time. Plan simple meals, simple desserts, and keep the house-keeping as simple as possible. When the job is within their ability so that it is possible for them to succeed the children enjoy doing it and grow in power from day to day. If it is too complicated they lose heart and that is disastrous.

Don't hesitate to let a boy clean house and attend to the evening meal if that service is needed. Boys can cook well—many of them do better than their sisters. Don't divide and assign work on the basis of sex but on ability, and upon the need for the work. Don't manufacture jobs. That is fatal. The job must be real, the need must be real, and the accomplishment an asset to the family life.

Little children, those who are too young to know how to follow directions or help themselves, need the presence of their mothers. When the absence of mothers engaged in war work means that helpless children are left without protection and guidance there can be no gain to offset the loss to the children. When someone has to be hired to attend to such children where is the gain? Nobody can take the place of a mother to a child. The best hireling is a make-shift. Why not let that person do the war work and let the mother attend to her first duty, the care of little children?

There are some mothers whom necessity forces out of the home to the factory and the shop. Their children must be left behind to the mercy of someone else. When there is a relative to take over things are not so bad, but when there is nobody, and the children are either locked in the house or left on the street, it is wholly bad, wholly indefensible, and society must take over the responsibility. For such children we must establish day nurseries manned and supervised by the experts. We are fighting this war for our children and if we do not rear them in sound health and

fine character we may as well spare ourselves the tragedy of war and stop where we are.

The home that has been run on the boss plan is about to be changed for the better. Father and Mother are too busy to oversee every detail of the children's day, and the opportunities for self-direction and self-help and growth through self-reliance are more plentiful than ever before in the children's lives.

That is no hardship to anybody, but a great blessing to the children. In their early teens children try to break loose from parental authority and tend to go off on their own. This has limitations because of their inexperience, but wise parents encourage the idea and help their children to go alone as often and as far as possible with safety.

Safety is not assured any child no matter how watched and tended. The child who is so safeguarded that he cannot make a mistake will not be able to stand alone in time of need. Allow him some freedom of choice and action, allow him the ordinary risks of childhood, the weight of his own behavior now and then, and he will learn fast.

The boy from the wrong side of the tracks may need the rituals of the bath and the drawing room but the boy on the right side is in dire need of the firsthand give-and-take of daily life. Give each of them a balanced day, a varied experience, and both will go farther and fare better.

Don't try to sterilize life for any child. It cannot be done, and he is sure to find that out and discredit your efforts thereafter. Don't make the mistake of being wise for any child who has reached the stage of reflection. He must now start to grow his own power and if you insist upon his running on yours because you know best, he never will learn to develop his own ability, his own judgment, his own

job. He will have to depend upon yours and someday you may not be on hand.

Let the children grow up. This is a good time for them to begin and for you to stand back and give them room and free play.

The household will not run as smoothly as it did when you were boss. Things will get out of place; work will not be as perfectly performed; engagements will not be met with clocklike regularity, and the laundry will be late and the dog's food forgotten. What of it? It is better that the children learn how to carry on than that the household machinery move with precision.

Adjust and correct and praise mightily, and don't put yourself and your pattern of life upon that of a child. His own is likely to be better for him than any you can bestow.

The measure of a parent's worth is the happiness and success of his children. There is no one way to that end; there is no easy way. Each child is born with his talents hidden within him, and the only thing we can do is try to help him unfold himself, enrich himself with valuable experiences, rear himself as he was intended to grow, into the image of God.

No boss can ever hope to do that, but a friend may well hope for it and believe in its success.

Children who do war work are very much in earnest about it. It is as real and as important to them as the work of grown-up people is to them, and their efforts should meet with respect and encouragement.

Often in the past the Boy Scout has been an object of ridicule for some rather uncomprehending people. They used the term Boy Scout to belittle some adult's work, or his attitude, implying that a Boy Scout was childish, amateurish,

and to be patronized accordingly. They made fun of his uniform, of his pledge, of his good act for the day.

To us who know what the Scout service means to the boys engaged in it this is unfunny in the extreme. It is not the Boy Scout who is to be patted on the head, laughed at in tolerance, and pitied for his childishness. Quite the other way. If anybody knows of a better way to train a boy in manly attitudes, for selfless service, for intelligent sharing of whatever place in life he finds himself, I would be glad to hear about it. The Scout is a responsible, devoted serviceman and commands the respect of all understanding citizens.

The same stands for the Girl Scout and the Campfire Girl. I am all for them. They are engaged in building sturdy bodies, sound minds, and fine characters through co-operation and service. If that is not the real road to fine American citizenship, what is it?

The fact that these organizations have the children's point of view is greatly in their favor. One of our boys came to school one Monday morning beaming. His teacher remarked on his happiness and he said, "You're right, I'm happy. Yesterday I was in luck. One fellow cut his hand with his knife when he was splitting kindling and I was right there to bandage it. That was all to the good for my points. Then in the afternoon a fellow skinned his knee good and plenty, and I cleaned it and bandaged it. On the way home if another fellow didn't fall over his own feet and get a good cut on his forehead and I did him up too. Some luck for me. Gives me all the points I need for First Aid. The scoutmaster gave me plenty of credit too."

He had the child's point of view, not ours, there. All he saw was his luck to be on hand when he could win the points he needed for First Aid. But while he rendered that aid he was proving his fitness for responsibility. He was

proving himself skilled and intelligent and wholesome. He didn't cry about the accidents, he considered them opportunities.

These associations of children need praise and encouragement. The country needs these children and their point of view. Take time out of your routine to see what they are doing, to enter into their feelings about it, to help them when they need it, encourage them at all times.

To attend a meeting of the Boy Scouts or the Campfire Girls calls for some sacrifice on the part of the older folk. After the day's work one likes to rest, relax a bit, forget everything but the luxurious feeling of being free. But the children need applause, admiration, support if they are to carry on. The leader of the children should have your encouragement and thanks. He gets no other reward, and, after all, it is your children he is helping. He, too, needs to feel the support of the community behind him. He needs to know that you appreciate what he does—the sacrifice he makes to attend the meetings, lead and direct the children, share their interests and their tasks.

Nobody, old or young, can long serve alone. We are so constituted as to require each other's presence, spiritual support, comradely association. When we have friends cheering us, criticizing, scolding, helping, loving us through good days and bad, we can go on with the job, but if we are left alone, if we feel nobody knows and nobody cares what happens to us or to our job, we fail. Only saints and martyrs overcome spiritual loneliness. They stay close to God. We who are nearer earth must have earthly companionship to succeed.

If you cannot go to the meetings at least you can listen to the child's report of his doings. You can nod your head at the right time and say "Well done. That's fine. What can

I do to help you?" and mean it. You want the children to grow strong in body, free in mind, fine in character. Then help those who are helping these children, and give the children your cordial support.

Children are born collectors. Start an adult and a child out to collect any one kind of thing, be it butterflies or scrap iron, and the child will return with a bigger collection and a greater variety nine times out of ten. Collecting is a child's instinct.

During the war, when we are searching for worth-while work for children, this instinct can well be used for the good of all concerned. Let the school children collect paper, rags, scraps, stamps, helpful people—whatever is needed. They will prove efficient and tireless, and the work will be a godsend to them.

My experience makes me feel that the school building should not become headquarters for collections of waste of any sort. We try to keep school buildings clean and free as possible from disease germs. Waste gathered from all over the place is not clean and must not be dumped on school property. Vacant lots, sheds, empty buildings are the places for such work. See that the children wear gloves when handling scrap from vacant lots. A pair of workman's gloves are a great protection. They can be washed, or burned as necessary.

Children need encouragement to carry on their work. Left to themselves, their interest soon flags and their efforts cease. That is worse than not having started. While their collections are valuable the effect of their labors on their characters is most important. If they start work and drop it somebody else will go on with the job if it is necessary, but nobody will make up the loss of character strength to the child who started a job and had not the strength of

mind to carry it to completion. That is the reason for good leadership in all these war activities.

Children enjoy forming committees who work and report and are praised. Remember the praise part and the reporting. Every worker must have an audience and win its applause. Somebody must help them plan and be honestly interested in the plan. Somebody must listen to the stories the workers bring in and interpret them and apply them to the strengthening of the children. Somebody must cheer for the job when it is done.

Once or twice in the course of a year's work there should be a larger meeting to which leaders of other fields associated in war work are invited to attend and applaud. These people must be experienced in working with children so they will not make speeches beyond their understanding, or weary them with long, tedious "remarks." They are present to cheer for the young workers, not to enlarge themselves—something the immediate group leaders must be on guard to avoid.

We lead children to do essential service not for what we gain from it but for the strength and understanding that the service will bring to the children.

If you have been in close co-operation with your child's teacher and the school authorities, you will feel doubly reassured about his care during school hours. If you have not made yourself acquainted with these people whose time is devoted to your child, make up for your lost opportunities now. It is essential that the home and the school give the child a unified attitude toward such possible emergencies as accidents or air raids.

Nobody knows about what is going to happen, but school people know that children trained to obey a signal and follow a set routine in emergency drills are safer in time

of emergency than they ever could be were they untrained and unprepared. Parents must depend upon teachers for the protection of their children in the schools, yet some apparently intelligent parents can reduce the value of that protection to zero in a child's mind.

What we think, not what we say, is what the children act upon. If we think rationing is a device of the politicians to annoy other politicians; if we believe conservation of materials and equipment is a trick of the manufacturers; if we believe that our leaders would rather scare us than appeal to our reasoning minds, then the children will behave in that manner and they will not save, they will not conserve, they will not obey their leaders, and they will waste, they will go their own reckless way and get themselves and their friends and neighbors into difficulties.

School children, all of them, but especially those in the first three grades of elementary school, need to have faith in their teachers, need to lean on them and feel secure in their protection. This is readily accomplished if parents have that confidence themselves.

In the schools we have air-raid drills. Any thoughtful person understands the imperative need for such drills. We found a few boys and girls who scorned the idea. "My mother says it's silly, and it is likely to scare little children. She says there is no possibility of an air raid, and, anyway, what good would a drill do us if there was one?"

"You do exactly what Mr. Robin says and you will be all right. He is a fine man and knows what he is talking about every time," will send Junior off to school feeling that he is safe with Mr. Robin.

"Now, now, if Miss Marie told you to go downstairs at the bell without stopping to take your sweater and books, do it. She knows what she is doing. That bell means for you

to get out and be quick about it and she is doing her best to help you obey it. Never mind your sweater. It is more important to follow your teacher than it is to carry your sweater. She knows why, and she does what is best for you and the other children. Help her and help yourself and all the others by being the first to obey and the quietest. You'll never be sorry for doing what Miss Marie tells you to do."

The little girl who got that lecture may still be clinging to that sweater in her mind. It is remarkable what a hold a beloved sweater has, but she will go along at the sound of the bell and under the teacher's direction, and be the safer for her obedience and trust.

When a father or mother or any other older person, big brother or sister, grandparents or neighbors make remarks about the teacher's ways, find fault with the routine drills of the school, the rules laid down for the children's protection, they strike at the safety of the children and at the same time add to the burden of the already burdened teacher.

Never go to school to rescue a child in an emergency. The teachers and children are trained for just those occasions. The signals are given, the teacher leads the class to safety. In such drills the children and teachers may not use the usual exits but go out through other ways. This is done so that in case of a closed exit the children are experienced in using another.

No stranger in the school building can possibly have the knowledge of stairways, exits, emergency exits, emergency signals, drills, and the whole program of rapid dismissals. Only the trained, drilled, and experienced teacher, the school corps, can have such knowledge and understanding and for an outsider, however deeply concerned for the

safety of a child he may be, to enter a building under such conditions is to commit a grave offense against the safety of the school community. Don't ever do that.

Drill the children at home. Teach the family what to do in an emergency. Have the water always handy in the set place, and shovels, flashlight, first-aid kit, all in place and tested weekly. Some mothers have suitcases packed for evacuation if that should come. The idea is to be ready, prepared, and assured. Knowing what to do is half the battle.

FOR TEACHERS

CHAPTER I

YOU ARE PART OF THE NATION'S WAR SERVICES

It is WAR, and the world is in a mess. Better start right there and never mind the talk about who did it. We have to clean it up, and the sooner, the swifter, the better.

School life is fluttery because the homes are that way. Fathers and big brothers are away from home. Maybe the grandparents have come to stay for the duration. Maybe the young folk have moved in with the old ones. Anyway, things are queer everywhere, so what's the use of bothering about the queerness when there is so much to do to reduce it to some semblance of the ordinary?

The teacher, as always, has to step into the trouble spot. To her class comes the strange youngster in fear and trembling. He has left his home behind him, his companions, his teacher, his home ways. He does not relish the idea at all, but here he is doing his utmost to make the best of a bad situation.

These newcomers make things difficult for the teacher. They come from far-off schools. They are ahead in some subjects, behind in others, others they have never had at all, and the teacher somehow must teach them enough to

get them by at promotion time. She has to rearrange programs, extend her teaching hours, and call upon her free time and her scant store of reserve energy for this task. But she does it.

She does it cheerfully, for the sake of the child who is caught in this weird situation between two worlds. She does it bravely, because she is the source of courage for this group of children and, incidentally, their parents. She does it devotedly, for this is her service to her country in its time of need.

We teachers have to remember that we are part of the war service though we do not wear uniforms and live in camps. We are part of the sustaining forces of the nation. It is we who hold up the arms of the fathers and mothers who must give their days to the war work, to the home life so shattered and shaken by the conflict. It is we who must fill in for the absent father and big brother, for the working mother, for the overworked homekeeper whose ears are strained for the sound of the messenger with the telegram.

The school routine is important because it sustains the children. It keeps them busy, their minds on wholesome ideas. It keeps them growing in wholesome ways and preserves their mental and physical health. It must not stop with the school routine, however, because life does not stop there and a good school is part of the life about it.

Reach out a little into the community and lend a hand where it is needed, especially in the homes. Visit the homes and don't be timid about laying your hat and coat on the nearest chair and setting about the business at hand, be it washing the dishes or cleaning the house, bathing the children or getting their dinner. We are the sustaining army. Let us be about our business cheerfully.

A teacher is concerned mainly with books as tools and children as material. That combination carries him out of the workaday world far into the realms of the spirit, and if he is not watchful he loses contact with the everyday world and its everyday ways. Just now he is offered a chance to get a bit closer to that world and learn some of its ways.

Many of the workers that we have been taking for granted have gone into war services and we have to learn to get along without them, and do as much of their work as we can master. For that reason we are forming classes to teach elementary plumbing, carpentry work, painting, cooking, mending of all kinds, and teachers are entering those classes.

That is a good thing for teachers to do. It is good for their souls to take the learner's chair for a while, to sit under the teacher's authority and follow his leadership. We get into a rut by always occupying the chair of authority. Changing places gives us a better idea of our own place in the scheme of things. A bit of humility never hurts any soul.

Learning to do the useful, everyday work is going to give the teacher a healthier outlook. Helplessness is never dignified. It is difficult to maintain dignity while a boy lifts the hood of the car, peers in, and says, "Lady, you haven't any water. All she needs is water. She doesn't run when she's dry, you know." Or when a man comes along with a little bag and a pair of pliers and nips a wire, gives it a twist and grins, "Wires have to be connected, you know, or the juice doesn't flow." One feels deflated after such experiences.

And it isn't exactly stimulating to one's ego to have a small boy tell how an engine works, and what makes it stall, while you listen as to a foreign language. It is a fine

thing to have a chance to learn some of these everyday experiences and to sit in on the job as one having a right there.

Learning how to solder a handle on a pot, how to wipe a joint, and put a washer on a faucet is fun, and the skill will come in handy when the jobs need doing and the man who knows is in the army. You won't ever be a plumber or a carpenter or a painter, an engineer or a cook, but you can learn to make a few moves in the direction you need to go without calling in the last overworked man in the district.

Apart from the skill and the convenience such bits of knowledge allow, the feeling of fitness and competence such ability gives is worth while. Competence in any field commands respect, so the more the teacher knows, the more he can do, the greater help he can offer, and the higher the regard for him in his circle.

Don't shy at a course in a trade you will never learn or master in your lifetime but join in to learn what little you can in a new field. Every new experience is precious to the teacher because it opens other fields to him, other people, other ways, and so enriches his life and its possibilities.

The routine of school gets to be a habit, and, if it is maintained for a sufficient number of years, gets to be a teacher's way of life. When that way is suddenly changed that teacher, unless on guard, resents it and accepts the order grudgingly and with many grumbles. That is the hard way of doing, hardest on the grumbler.

To go along cheerfully, to accept change and sudden reversals of custom as routine, is to save oneself a deal of wear and tear. Let the old way go and try to enjoy doing the unusual and the task will not bear down as hard. What difference does it really make to the teacher to use one

exit instead of another? To have children lined according to addresses instead of height? To dismiss children to an inner hall instead of to the yard in emergency drill? Suppose we do have to get out of classrooms in double quick a couple of times a week in raid drill. Consider it a part of duty and let it count for the interrupted lesson. It is as important to the children.

Maybe you have to go to school earlier and stay later. Maybe you have to make out an identification card for every child this morning, right away—and you do, while you keep the class busy doing something they really need to do, and you send them upstairs with a grand feeling of accomplishment. Then comes the order, "Discard those identification records and make this lot as directed below." What of it? This is wartime and the unexpected is the usual thing. Be calm about it. If everybody knew what was coming he would be ready for it and nobody would be upset, but as nobody knows what tomorrow is bringing we just have to wiggle along as best we may.

Lessons fall behind while the extra work is done. That cannot be helped. Plan to give the children useful work, have it ready, so that when a demand of immediate service comes from the office you can hand the job you prepared to the class, put some bright and well-liked child in charge, and go ahead cheerfully.

It would be nice if the people in authority could lessen the number of reports they ask for during the war. It does seem as though they could proceed with the essential duties without some of the details required, but leopards do not change their spots even in wartime and supervisors do love sheaves and sheaves of paper, with much data, and the plotting of curves, and the typed summaries. Maybe they nourish them in some way unknown to us who only sit and

write, but be that as it may, we don't help ourselves any by grumbling. Better take it all as it comes, cheerfully, because that costs us less in energy and power for teaching.

It is this teaching power that we must conserve at all costs. We will not allow the unexpected, even unreasonable demands made upon us to rob us of that, and so rob the children of their greatest need in wartime, the full strength of their teachers. We will take all orders cheerfully, execute them accurately and speedily, and with good will, in the hope of promoting the children's well-being, as well as preserving our own.

There is a temptation for teachers in the demands for war work. If one is not careful one is soon submerged by it. All teachers should be watchful against overwork and fatigue which will render them unfit for any kind of duty.

What happens usually is that the teacher fills every waking hour with work and leaves no time for fun. Taking time out for a chat with a friend, for a shopping trip, a visit to the theater or the art gallery, a walk in pleasant places, to read a funny book—if you can get it—to just lie and rest seem to trouble a teacher's conscience so that he cannot enjoy enjoyment.

Yet that power is the one that is going to help him through this trying time. Given time out for recreation of whatever sort suits him best he will be able to work longer, endure more, and keep his sanity. Work rarely kills people, but the mind that directs the work wearies unless it is rested and stimulated spiritually, and without that element of thought no work is possible.

There is no sin in laughter, quite the contrary. Just now we need laughter, lots of it. The funny side of life is a tonic for the weary mind and a balance for the sober side of it as well. Dignity does not demand a long face and a

lack of humor. There is nothing funnier than the dignified, sour-faced one coming a cropper and we are all delighted secretly or otherwise when it happens. There is no need for any of us to join the grim-faced group when we can just as well be on the laughing side. Especially as we need to be there.

Don't stop playing. If you danced, or golfed, rode, swam, played tennis, cards, or checkers, keep on with the game. This will not be sports as usual, but it will be something precious held over from the life of yesterday, something that carries a lift for us in its familiar comfort. Those we play with are part of our lives, the part we are cherishing, fighting for with might and main. We can keep our friends, our old associations in play, and know that we are still doing our full share of the job.

Don't let conscience bother you when you are obliged to say No to somebody who wants you to take on another interest. There are enough of them to go around so that everybody can have a share and nobody need feel left out. Teachers are called on first always because they are the obvious answer when trained and disciplined workers are needed. Don't let people anxious to make a good showing for their club or their drive overload you.

What this sums up to is just the idea that a good teacher is a sane, well-balanced, intelligent human being first and a public servant afterward. He cannot serve effectively if he is not that healthy human being, so take care. Take time out for recreation, for fun, rest, and laughter, and you will do more work and do it better.

The demands on the teachers' services are without limit but there is a very definite limit to the teachers' strength, reserve force, and time. Wise teachers will stay well within those limits, saving their reserves for emergencies that have

to do with the children, for it is the children with whom they are mainly concerned.

The teacher will have to choose between the duties that are offered. It is not possible for any one teacher to do guard duty at night, watch planes, attend Red Cross and First-Aid meetings regularly, lead salvage drives, ration and register, conduct sales and drives, appear at public benefits, keep records, and teach school, attend conferences and make school reports. No human being can stretch himself that far and if he could he would be so thin his presence would not be detected.

The main result of overwork for the teacher is illness for him and nothing done that counts for much in any field. In spite of the apparent need the teacher must measure his strength and time and allow for reserves and then divide himself as best he can.

Some of the work he is asked to do can just as well be done by other people directed by him until they are acquainted with their duties—salvage drives and the like come under that head. Some of the tasks can be delegated and the more the better, because the more people who are engaged in war work the more people will be understanding and helpful about it. Sharing a task gives the worker an interest in it, and that interest will carry him along effectively.

It is most unwise for teachers to allow themselves to be drawn into political or religious groups in doing war work. All such work should be national in its feeling, scope, and direction, and when groups gather to serve under their own banner, be it church or political party, the teacher should stay away and lend his support to the general group. The army is of no one race, creed, or political party, and machine guns ask no questions. We are engaged in a war for the protection of human liberties and there is no place for

politics of any sort. It is peculiarly the teacher's part to maintain that stand today and allow no bias of any sort to induce him to become part of a clique. His place is with the army of American citizens who are sustaining the men on the battle lines.

Competition is certain to enter the fields of civilian war service, and while it does seem to serve a useful purpose at times it is dangerous in that it promotes these groups and cliques in whom the spirit of competition breeds lasting prejudices and ill will. We cannot afford anything like that.

Wise teachers will consider their limitations of strength, ability, time, and endurance. They will think clearly upon the questions of service that are certain to arise. They will stay within the limits of a teacher's place in the community and in war service and avoid anything like racial, religious, or political clannishness.

Teachers must be good actresses. Most of us are just that. We know that we must convey a feeling of strength, security, and power that sums up to authority by our very bearing. We understand how to make an entrance into a classroom so as to focus the minds of forty boys and girls upon the serious business of pursuing knowledge. We know the value of poise.

In wartime this attitude of strength, security and authority is essential in the classroom, and the conditions there and outside make that attitude difficult to maintain. After a sleepless night spent in worry poise is what one has lost and lamented. How to get it back is our problem.

Don't spend that night of worry. It is useless. No greater waste is known to the mind of men. The mind selects an imaginary situation, one most distressful, then proceeds to gnaw at it as a dog worries a bone.

It is an imaginary situation based on ifs, maybes, per-

happes, and sprinkled over and saturated with doubt and fear. If the roof falls in and if we are under it, maybe we won't be able to get out and perhaps we shall die there. Awful.

What of it? Suppose the roof does not fall, and if you are not under it, then surely you won't die under such awful thoughts. You see we usually worry about the wrong thing, the thing that does not happen, and because we are worrying we overlook doing something we should have done and that goes wrong and there we are with something actual to worry about and we don't. We just set to work and mend it. That's what we have to do anyway. Why waste worry on what has not happened, may not happen, and wouldn't matter if it did happen? If you live you can do something about what bothers you and if you don't you won't have to worry.

Teachers cannot afford to worry. They have to preserve that precious poise, that inner sureness that allows them to make an entrance of impressive dignity and to speak with the voice of authority. Good teachers are careful of their diet and do not eat food that disagrees with them lest it weaken their health. We have to be equally careful about mental diet and shun anything that weakens that.

Shun people who twitter and shake and wobble in their minds. Shun books that create doubt and fear. Shun entertainment that robs one of sleep, of hope, and of courage under the guise of realism. Shun the companionship of those who worry endlessly. Avoid anything and anybody who saps the strength of one's spirit.

Read the Ninety-first Psalm until you can recite it in the dark hours of the night. Say your prayers and mean them. Cultivate the people who want to believe in their God and their country's victory. Go out of the routine way and find

"laughter and kind, pleasant faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry, and go to your resting bed and accept the gift of sleep," as Stevenson suggested. Poise is the expression of the secure in spirit. Get that and the rest comes of itself.

What is fear? I do not know. It is a feeling that we try to name but beyond that there is no knowing. We know what it can do and we try to overcome its evil with courage.

Courage is the absence of fear. Those are words, too, used to describe something that we cannot describe. We know its ways are good, so we try to create it in ourselves and so promote its good. We have great need of it just now, we teachers, for we must lead the children through severe trials of the spirit, and the body the spirit must maintain.

Telling people not to be afraid is just wasted breath. To tell children not to be afraid is to create fear in them. The only way in which we can keep children in a state of courage is to make the absence of fear certain sure by filling their spirits with courage. That we do by filling our own with that peculiar power.

Denying fear weakens its hold, but we must do more. We must drive it out by knowing that there is nothing to fear. Knowing. Knowing is a state of mind that gives sureness. Sureness brings faith. Faith destroys fear. The heart of the matter is knowing. When you know you have nothing to fear you are filled with courage.

And how is one to know there is nothing to fear when the radio blares and the papers scream and the rumors shriek danger? Just keep knowing that there is nothing so terrible that one cannot master it by action, belief, or faith in God. By knowing that nothing that can happen to us but what has happened to other people and has been borne by them. By knowing that every grief bears its own balm.

By understanding that life is not an individual matter but a universal one that goes on eternally, improving through the years.

It is for the teacher under fire to bulwark his own soul against fear by merging his spirit with the Infinite and leaning hard upon faith. Once the danger is confronted the body and the spirit go into action and the thing feared becomes nothing in the fight for its destruction. Action destroys fear. Waiting for it, brooding over the outcome, and sitting helpless feed fear.

Keep busy and keep the children very busy. Plan for action, settle in your mind what is to be done when necessary, and then turn away from all thought of it and lose yourself in the task at hand. The children feel what you feel and behave accordingly. They are stimulated by your words. They follow you in action.

Then let your thoughts be based on the knowledge that God is our life and that God is good. That strength for the task comes when it is needed. Know that you can and that you will meet every demand of duty and go on in faith. Courage is the absence of fear, and fear is absent when duty demands action. You will have all you need at the time you need it.

CHAPTER II

THE WAR BRINGS NEW PROBLEMS TO THE SCHOOL

THE QUIET OLD TOWN that swept its maple-shaded streets every morning, who went to the white, high-spired old church regularly as Sunday morning came around, who knew one another's grandfathers as far back as the first settlers and followed strictly their time-honored, honorable ways, was shocked into startled protest by the sudden appearance of a great group of strangers settling in to do defense work in the big new shops by the river.

The children were the worst. They raced along the walks, when they used them at all, but mainly they used the front lawns, sacred for years to the lawn mower and the weekly gardener. They helped themselves to the flowers and the fruit, they used disrespectful words and gestures to those who protested such behavior.

The newcomers shook the school to its foundations. They walked roughshod everywhere; they talked out loud instead of whispering decorously in the halls; they shouted like Indians on the playground; they had no polite ways. Some of them made no bones about copying; some told

lies gayly; some helped themselves to whatever they needed. Some were just healthy, happy children let loose from the walls and pavements of a crowded city and at a loss how to behave in the atmosphere of an ancient town set in its ways for two centuries.

Miss Martha looked at her class in silent wonder. Their clothing, their hair-dos, or lack of hair-dos, their chewing gum, their rudeness. It seemed to her that the room was full of ill-mannered, uncouth pagans. What was she to do? With a prayer for understanding she opened the day's program.

Once the class was quietly working Miss Martha studied them. Forty-eight boys and girls; about ten of that number were the seemingly impossible ones; of the others, there was the original class, the natives, who could be counted on to hold the fort. And the remaining strangers seemed to want to fall in with the teacher's wishes. But what was she to do with those ten?

Miss Martha did not, by birth, training, and tradition, hold with chewing. Nor could she understand tousled hair and dirty hands, loud talking, rudeness in every movement. Yet she had these children to train and teach. If only she knew what to do. She went to see an old friend of her father's and told him how she felt.

"Martha, you are afraid of these strange children," he said with a smile. "They are children just like the ones you know only they have been raised in different ways. It is your duty to like them because they are children, to forget their childishness, and to correct their mistakes. Praise those that do well and the others will discover what it is you want them to do. Praise the things that are lovely and they will want to know them.

"Remember always what the great Teacher said, 'Suffer

the little children.' He meant, bear with them, welcome them, teach them, because they belong."

These days many children strange to the neighborhood, to the school's customs, confront the teacher already burdened with the trials of the war. The teacher must prepare for meeting these children and, when they prove difficult, study to keep communication open between them so they may be helped to better ways and greater understanding.

In schools where such strangers come in numbers the teachers will need the help of the children already at home in the school. Children can approach children more successfully, instruct them more effectively, than teachers because they understand one another's point of view better. Mostly the teachers will need the basic understanding of the strangers' needs—affection, protection, and generous help. When that is present there is no problem.

Customs, manners, backgrounds, all are being mixed these days. The teacher is the one to make sure that this mixture is dominated by all that is good and pure and lovely. It all depends upon her attitude.

The assembly had run overtime. The principal felt called upon to stress quiet in yards and halls, Miss Lou had to take time for a mention of tin-can salvage, and Miss Maryanna went sour on the whole thing because the last song was sung off pitch, and with a grim mouth she held the assembly for scale drill.

"Eight minutes over and about fifteen minutes for algebra and this class weeks behind. When in time they think I'm going to get anywhere—class, prepare papers—is beyond me. You needn't kiss each sheet of paper, Mike. Just hand them along. It'll be noon before we get started."

Mr. Tacky had been out watching planes, had overslept, and raced to school without his coffee, and altogether this war business had just about gone the limit of his patience. The class was set for the first problem when the door opened, every head turned to see who and what, and in walked Tammy.

Mr. Tacky was just about to roar murder about lateness, and who do you think you are coming in here when it's about time to go home?—when he caught a glimpse of a crumpled handkerchief being shoved into Tammy's back pocket. He shut his mouth hard and gave out the first problem.

Walking down the aisle, just to see that everybody was getting along on this equation, he put his hand on Tammy's shoulder, looked across at Pete who was chewing the end of his pencil for inspiration, scowled so that the poor lad nearly swallowed it, and passed on. Tammy's shoulders relaxed slightly and he leaned over and copied the equation from Nick's paper. Next round Mr. Tacky stopped and looked at Tammy's work, took his pencil, made a few changes, and said, "Watch your signs. Work's all right if you remember those plus and minus signs," and passed on.

When the class filed out at change time Tammy and his teacher happened to walk down the hall together, behind the lines, and the teacher murmured, "Something wrong, Tam?"

"Yeh. Mother got a telegram last night. About Carlo. Hurt. Bad, I guess."

"Hmn. Who's with your mother now?"

"I got Father Bill. That's what made me late. He'll stay with her for a while and he told me he would get Doctor Tom to look in. Dad went to work out of town last week so he won't be home."

"That'll leave it to you, won't it?"

"Pretty much. But Mom's brave. It was only that she didn't expect it, early in the morning, and all that. And maybe he will get better. He's in hospital, it says."

"Sure, he'll get better. Say I go home with you lunch time, see how things are, and then you and I go over to Sam's for lunch? Run along now or you'll be late for shop and get—"

That did more for Tammy than the term's algebra and don't ever forget it.

"The bells will ring, and ring, and ring, and keep on ringing for a long time. That means we sit straight up fast. I say, Stand! First row, clothing, march! And you know how we go for hats and coats? Only very fast, and very, very quiet.

"Then you get in your place on line, with your partner—and you go where I go. Wherever I take you, you go. And you hold your partner's hand and you walk fast, and follow me, everywhere, until I tell you to stand still.

"Maybe I'll lead you home; maybe to the park; maybe to the big hall. Maybe I'll tell you to sit on the floor. Whatever I say, you'll do, won't you?"

The first-graders nodded silently, all but Winnie. She looked solemnly at Miss Matty and asked, "Why? Why do you?"

"Because we are doing a drill."

"What's it? What for? Why do you?" persisted Winnie, while the others looked round-eyed at one another and back to Miss Matty's face.

"Because maybe sometime we would want to get out in a hurry and you wouldn't know how if we didn't practice."

"I know," spoke up Teddy. "It's raid drill. My father told me. Down in his office they do it. And in our apartment too.

Somebody sings, 'All out, all out,' and everybody goes as fast as lightning to a big room where no bombs can get them, and they stay there until the shooting's over. We going to do that, Miss Matty?"

"Just that. Only the bells will ring, ring, ring, instead of somebody calling 'All out,' you see. Understand, everybody?" They smiled now and nodded. "It could be a game," said Jimmy. "Like follow the leader."

Winnie looked unconvinced and scared. "Will you go with us? Stay with us?" she asked, and the fear was in her voice, in her eyes, and in her tense body. "I'll have to hold her hand or she'll panic the crowd," thought Miss Matty. Then aloud, "I'll be with you, Winnie, and I'll hold your hand. You're going to be my partner. And listen, Winnie, I'll have a high feather in my hat, my white hat—and you keep an eye on that feather if I have to let go of your hand for a minute when we get to where we are going."

Winnie looked interested but still fearful. "She's got one foot out of the door now," thought Miss Matty. Then, "Peter, you go get me a feather out of Mike's duster. Ask him to please give you one for me."

"I'll put on my hat, Winnie, so you can see it and you'll know it is me under it, won't you?" Everybody laughed and Winnie managed a feeble smile, but her eyes wandered to the door. Peter entered right then with a long turkey feather in his hand and a wide grin on his face.

"Mike says, 'Who are you going to tickle?' and I said, 'Winnie.'" More chuckles, and as Miss Matty stuck the tall feather in her white hat the chuckles broke into laughter. "Think you'll see it, Winnie?" Winnie nodded happily. The bells rang, Miss Matty took Winnie's hand, and the procession started for the refuge hall led by a tall turkey feather and a trusted teacher.

Miss Marie had come from a conference with the officials where she had been impressed with the weight of her responsibilities, her duties, and her relationship to the children, to the community at large, to the armed forces, to the nation, and to the world. Small wonder she felt burdened with care. After all, she was but one small person set in a whirl of trouble which she had not brewed, or even knew about.

Into the classroom bounced a group of giddy young girls. They were giggling and had their heads together, none looking where she was going. They were telling one another about the effect their strange decorations had had on the teachers, the boys, and the other lassies.

One wore a lot of bobbing worsted balls of circus colorings wherever they could be hung, over her ears, on her wrists, at her ankles; one wore a necklace and bracelets of colored macaroni strung on colored cords; another had a string of tiny books, each autographed by an admirer, hung about her neck, dangling at her waist; another wore a smock decorated with caricatures and autographs and her jewelry was chicken corn and brass buttons done in a striking style. In their deep interest in each other the group lurched against Miss Marie, knocking a pile of textbooks from her arms.

Immediately they were all concern, but Miss Marie was mad clear through. She looked at the giddy girls with eyes aflame with wrath and indignation. "Leave this room and don't come back until you are dressed like schoolgirls. Leave off that rubbish, wash your faces and hands, and come in here like pupils of good breeding and intelligence or stay out."

Out they went. In the hall they met the others and warned them to take off their fancy decorations because

Miss Marie was on the warpath and had put them out and they didn't know what to do or where to go. If they went to the office they would get in bad. If they went home they would get scant sympathy. Their mothers thought their decorations a bit on the silly side anyway, and if they went home they would be sure of it.

A committee decided to see Miss Marie. She listened to their story and said: "You seem to think that life is a lark. You don't seem to understand that we are at war. That there is no time, no room for foolishness. All I ask is that you come to school and do your duty and no nonsense. Those girls can come back without the junk or they needn't come." You see, Miss Marie had been to that conference.

Youth must have its foibles. Let age, having its own, be patient. If ever there is a time for being most understanding, most patient, most heartening, it is in wartime. If we must restrain youth, and we must at times, let's do it in sympathy and with understanding of their need for fun. Let's not take conferences so seriously that they weigh us down so heavily that we cannot rise to youth's joyous mood. We need the joy and maybe they need the junk. Let's hold to the middle of the road.

History has often been a difficult subject for children, and many of them have failed to make the grade. This was because history, instead of being a thrilling tale of the deeds of humanity, became a dull recital of war campaigns, dates, important events, without the touch that human needs, human ways, human activities had originally put upon them.

That can be changed now and history can become what it always should have been, a thrilling story of daring deeds,

some noble, some wicked, some inspiring, some depressing, but all vitally interesting.

We are making history very rapidly. Distances have been shortened by planes, destruction more complete and sooner wreaked because of the deadly machines, communications speeded because of the radio. Battles are fought and their stories told before the sound of the guns has ceased to thunder through the sky. The fortunes of countries, the fates of peoples are changed in the flash of gunfire. We are living and moving in history.

Let the children understand this. Tie this war, its causes, its aims, to the wars of bygone days. Tell over the old stories, make them as real as the stories that come over the air today, and the children will, for the first time for many of them, learn that history is the story of people's lives, not something printed in a book and fastened there with a meaningless date.

There are people who object to having the daily news discussed in schools, but I am not among them. School is only an extension of the life of the community. When that life is checked at the school door it dies, and the school becomes a lifeless routine that smothers the minds of the children and the teachers. Let life flow through the school and let the teachers help the children interpret it as best they may.

Don't shrink from the truth, if the truth is once known. Don't try to cover it up because it is disagreeable. Children scent dishonesty though it be covered deep by authority and policy and expediency. Tell the truth as far as it is known and wait for the event.

The expression of a doubt by a pupil, a question implying distrust of some accepted person or policy, is not to be considered an offense. It is to be considered an opportunity

for instruction, edification, and enlightenment. Instead of reporting the questioning, doubting student to the board it would be better to invite some well-informed authority to appear before the students and explain the situation in terms they can understand.

Too often our informed men and women take the stand that their positions are unassailable, that any questioning of them is an affront to their dignity. Youth accepts no such false doctrine. Youth knows that a fact has more than one face, that a public leader is likely to have about the same number, and that their best chance for getting at the truth of a matter is by questioning, probing, and demanding thorough investigation.

What is there to fear in that? If what we do will not bear the searchlight youth's keen mind turns upon it, how safe are we to trust it? Let the schoolboys and schoolgirls live their history today, help them to link today to the past, help them to see that we are living another chapter of a tremendous story, the story of the rise of the human spirit from the depths to the heights of spiritual intelligence.

Before the war our adolescent boys and girls were being held as children and it was not good for them. Because of our labor laws, some of them wise, some of them oppressive on youth, boys and girls, longing for usefulness, for a respected place in the community, were denied recognition and kept as helpless children in classrooms where they had nothing to gain and much to lose.

The war changed this. Our older boys and girls can now find usefulness. They can do work that is needed and feel themselves a part of the national effort. They can have what they have been aching for—a chance to shoulder responsibility as adults.

Adolescent boys and girls are as mature in some ways

as ever they will be, and those powers should be, must be, used at the time of their appearance or much of them will be lost. Responsibility matures an adolescent, and that process of early maturation increases his chance of further growth.

Give these young people work and let them carry it through on their own and you will see them develop powers unbelievably rich. By welcoming them into association with their elders, as partners in any undertaking, their feeling of personal dignity and worth is stimulated and childishness drops from them as an outworn garment.

These children can do good work in fields usually exclusively adult. They have more speed, more energy, more endurance than most grown people. They lack knowledge and experience, of course, but they gain these quickly under the stimulus of necessity. All they need is a chance to prove themselves in office, farm, kitchen, and shop. Their growth needs the stimulus of appreciation, of responsibility, of adult recognition.

The teachers are burdened with work and responsibility these days and they can be relieved of some of them by these boys and girls. During the sugar rationing many of them acted as helpers and did as well, and better, than their elders. In such work a boy or girl can be assigned as the teacher's partner, making a team, and a very good team they are. It is delightful to see the young person's ability and power and personality unfolding under the stimulus of adult association, adult responsibility. No opportunity for such development is to be lost.

Boys and girls of high-school age can act as wardens of all sorts. Give them a chance. Assign them to a competent leader, preferably a well-liked teacher, and they will do all that needs doing with a margin of good will to spare.

They can lead younger children. Their services should be called on for emergency drills, supervision of play, visits to the nurse and the doctor during school sessions, office work of all sorts. They should be allowed to enter adult activity in every available form as soon as they are able to take a direction. Usefulness is the best tonic, the finest stimulus for growth in adolescence, and this is the time to apply it.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL AND HOME *ARE* CLOSER TODAY

SCHOOL CHILDREN are on the sidelines of this war. They look on, they feel our unrest and our worry while they understand only in part. What we must try hard to do is to rear these children as nearly as possible in the usual healthy fashion. Let them be children with children's interests, in a children's world. Give them their usual duties and lessons and add special interests and extra duties to keep them busy and feeling secure. Leave no empty hours in their lives for fear creeps into the empty hours.

Keep the war news in its place and don't allow it to edge out the other interests of work and play. Hold the games and add interest to them by putting on programs of events, inviting guests, giving out ribbons and certificates and pins. Do the same with the other school activities so that the school life of a child stays what it should be, the life of a child extended into the community and back to home, its interest centered on the business of growth.

I would not invite outsiders to give war talks to children. They need no such speeches. Invite people who can tell good stories, make fine pictures, act, read, make music,

sing songs, perform magic stunts, applaud health and effort toward any kind of growth. Such people will bring interest, stir ambitions, and give the children ideas of the worth of healthy living. That is what they need, not war talk.

Give the children as active a school program as is possible to squeeze into the school hours. Avoid the long periods of sitting and listening and reciting.

Let their work have plenty of color—in paints, rags, yarn, threads, goods, paper, whatever they use. Color is a tonic to the spirit of a child, of any human being, and there cannot be too much of it used in the schoolroom just now.

Have plenty of music. Don't be afraid to use the radio and the phonograph to introduce good songs, and make sure they are good both in words and music. A good song is strengthening to mind and body. Don't hesitate to teach a song by rote. That is the way most of us learn a song. Forcing children who cannot read music readily to try to learn a song that way is to weary the children and destroy the value of the song. Sing it and get on with the job.

Stop trying to keep the classroom looking like a catalogue of school furniture. Busy children use plenty of material and make a mess of the shining room. Use is not abuse. Let the chips fall where they will, and if the supervisor comes in and makes a face at the litter, smile at him cheerfully, knowing the whole educational country will rise in the defense of a hard-at-work teacher and class.

Try to let the school children live wholesomely, grow steadily, learn daily, so that when their turn comes to man the unpredictable future they will have the sturdy body, the poised mind, the seasoned soul to stand up to the task and master it. It is for these that we fight this war. While we wage it we must, in all reason, sustain the generation for whom we battle.

We have always taught children that hate is wicked, poisonous, and altogether out of Christian bounds. Now we are engaged in a killing war. Are we to teach hate of our enemies? I wouldn't bother about hating them. I would just go ahead getting ready to destroy them and all they stand for without thinking about hating them.

Hate might cloud our minds and spoil our aim and we have to think fast, clearly, and accurately, and we have to shoot straight and often and swiftly. Hating need not enter our minds, but should it bother one's conscience just meet it with the assertion of human need for defense of life and ideals. Hold to that thought and the other will be submerged. Hating is a waste of precious energy.

When the children ask about killing people we have to tell the truth and explain that we have been attacked, our lives have been threatened, some of us have been killed, not because we have done wrong but that these enemy peoples have decided to destroy what we have built, what we stand for in personal and in public behavior. They do not like our ways, so they decide to destroy us and them. We have a duty to perform for ourselves, for our ideals, and we must perform it even in the face of death and danger.

Children are not scared by truths like these. They take them in their stride. What frightens them is the unknown, the mysterious, unspoken things that are filling the air about them. Tell them what is going on in simple words, without dramatics, and they will feel better.

Some of them will want to tell the teacher how they would kill the enemy, how murderous they would be if and when they had the chance. Let them do this no matter how exaggerated their story may be because in this way they rid themselves of fears that they have been hiding. Hidden fears are what make the trouble.

In the classes of younger children there will be some who want to tell how they will set a machine gun and let it go bang, rackets, rackets, bang, and mow down thousands. They will want to show how they intend to do it. Let them. And smile. End the demonstration with a march, and a song, and another song, and finally the most soothing and comforting song you know, and then set them to work smartly.

The children must be kept actively busy. They must use their hands and their feet as well as their heads. Fear has less chance to get uppermost when the hands are busy. A thought about a job drives out other thoughts, and the busier the children are the less they will worry.

One kindergarten teacher was distressed because one child made a row of paper dolls, called them Japs, lined them up, cut their heads off, then clapped his hands with glee. The others followed suit rapidly. There is nothing to worry about. The children would be stupid not to know that we are out to kill the Japanese who attacked us. Let them get this out of their minds and they will feel better and go on with more constructive work. They are not hating anybody, just dramatizing what they see and hear. Nobody likes the situation, but no intelligent citizen is shirking his duties either.

The teacher will be asked all sorts of questions by the children and the best way to answer is to do so as truthfully and as reassuringly as possible. If no truthful, accurate reply is possible, say so. The child who asks about the enemy peoples, who wants to know why we are fighting, what will happen to us under this condition or that, is worried and needs assurance. Putting him off by saying, "Now don't let's talk about the war—we have to get this arithmetic lesson done," just won't do.

In the first place, the child's anxiety must be laid and some degree of faith set in him before he can do anything. Anxiety will destroy his appetite, his desire for play will vanish, his ability to think clearly will be wiped out by this dread. Kill it as quickly as possible and be ready to kill it every time it lifts its head, for fear has a thousand lives.

Let the children talk out their fear. That is one way of ridding them of its pressure. They read the papers and they hear the radio commentators and they are not deaf to the talk that goes on in the streets and homes. Accept the fact that they know what is going on and are frightened by it. School yourself to meet the situation serenely.

Children look to their parents for security and next to them to their teachers. It is more important now that the teacher be serene and strong in spirit than that she get through the day's program without a skip. It is more important to the children to feel secure in spirit than it is that they know the names of the presidents in chronological order, with dates.

"Yes, we are having a hard time with the German submarines and they have cut down our supply of gasoline and oil. That gives us a deal of trouble, but we must remember that war is like that. During other wars we had other troubles but we managed to overcome them.

"We were not ready for war and our enemies were, you see. Now we have to make up for lost time and catch up to them. We will by and by, but we have to work like beavers to do it. That's why your fathers are in the defense and your mothers are out doing all kinds of work. Women are helping, and you are doing your share, we hope. What are you doing to help?"

If they can tell out their problems, doubts, and fears, and if the teacher can give them confidence and direct them

toward a way of service, they will have less dread. They must have something useful to do or the fear will get the better of them.

Letting the children talk things over, asking them questions about what is going on in their minds, and showing them how to do something about it, is the teacher's most important war service. Boys and girls can do a great deal at home. They can take over responsibilities for the housekeeping and the care of the younger ones, and so relieve their mothers. And they can do a lot in the salvaging of waste, in caring for materials and equipment and personal belongings.

This work added to what the teacher already has to do will burden him unless he has the wit to weave it into his classroom work, select the most important things and attend to them first, and stay well within his limits of nervous energy. Teacher and school must be adjusted to meet the war conditions, and it is impossible to have study as usual and unintelligent to try to have it so.

The teacher, along with other duties in wartime, has to deal with parents who are excited and anxious. They go to school to tell the teacher about things at home, to ask for consideration for the children, for help of one sort and another. Some of them come just to talk out their fears. Listen to all of them patiently, and let your attitude itself comfort and assure them.

"What can I say to a mother who wants me to promise that whatever happens I will take care of her child? How can I make such a promise?" Assure the anxious mother that come what may you will take care of her child and mean it. You will anyway. There never was a teacher born who didn't extend himself to the utmost to take care of a child in emergency. You will do everything that is necessary and a lot you have no idea about just now.

You will be prepared for emergency should it come. The background of your training will hold you in the day of trial. Your brain will work and your body will follow it in machinelike precision and you won't have to worry about what you will do, or can do. You'll do it. You won't be able to help doing it.

So have no fear about assuring the anxious mother of your care for her child in emergency. Tell her about the drills you hold, what you do, what the children do, what the police do, what the volunteer workers do, and how the whole school population and its allied branches get to work to look after the children when the signal comes. And smile while you tell her.

Give these nervous, worried people plenty of time to tell their stories. You are serving your country as surely and as effectively in doing this as if you were in the volunteer corps obeying an officer's order. We are fighting this war to save our way of life for ourselves, for the neighbors, the fathers and mothers, and the children we know. Every time we help to strengthen anybody, big, little, or middle-sized, in the community we help our side.

Don't grudge the time given worried parents. Suppose a few spelling or arithmetic lessons are skipped, suppose the weekly composition is not corrected and rewritten as usual, what of it if a few American citizens have been strengthened to do their duty in wartime? The lessons will be made up, no doubt, and if, in their stead, there has been given a lesson in moral courage, in spiritual fitness, in valiant spirit, isn't it all to the good of the cause?

The teachers are called on for all sorts of service. Their strength is drained daily, their spirits worn by the demands of a war-racked people. It will not be possible for them to carry on lessons as usual and they should not be required

to do so provided their time and energy are used in useful war service such as this of advising and encouraging parents who ask for help. Every strengthened man and woman is a gain for our side.

Many mothers are away from home doing war work, and the schools have to give more maternal care to the younger children. The teacher has to be more motherly than ever. Every good teacher of little children is always motherly, but a bit more so these days.

Mothers have less time to get the children ready for school, so the teacher has to look them over more carefully, inspect them for signs of illness or neglect, and send them to the nurse and the school doctor when necessary. She always does this, but she gives more time to it now, and more care.

Breakfasts are likely to be more sketchy now that Mother has to hurry out to work in the morning. The school must make some provision for the little ones so that sketchy breakfasts can be supplemented before the children undertake their day's work. It seems to me that breakfasts of crackers and milk should be served earlier than ten-thirty to eleven in the morning.

When a child drinks half a pint or more of milk and eats a handful of crackers, or whatever cereal is given him, at ten-thirty to eleven, he cannot eat much lunch, and he is hungry again early in the afternoon. Better attend to his breakfast early, and let him work on it, and then be ready for noon-time lunch.

Teachers will have to be on the alert for signs of neglect in these little ones and be ready to call for help for those whose teeth, tonsils, and throats need attention. Those who are showing signs of underweight and lack of sleep should be shown to the physician. Those who are left untended, locked out of the house for the afternoon, should be pro-

vided for in nursery schools or other homes, under good supervision.

The conscientious teacher will make inquiries concerning the life of each child in the class, and supplement the home in whatever ways are needed. The teacher cannot do this supplementing herself, but she should present the need to those having power to meet it, she should know the agencies provided for such work, and call their attention to the children who need their services.

Above all else these little ones need affection. They need to feel the warmth of the teacher's loving care, her understanding of their wants and her willingness to meet them. Some of them need to be taken on her lap and petted and hugged and assured of her affection and protection.

One little girl went to class one morning looking white and sick. She was tense, her shoulders hunched, and her arms stiff at her sides. The teacher gathered her up in her arms and cuddled her close and whispered, "Don't worry. I'm with you. I'll take care of you." For almost an hour the child clung to the teacher, silent, tense, her head buried in the teacher's shoulder. By ten o'clock she was willing to lift her head and drink some warm milk and nibble a cracker, and soon afterward she managed a feeble smile.

At eleven o'clock her mother knocked at the classroom door and the teacher was shocked at the grief in her face. Her son, the child's big brother, had been lost in battle. "I felt school was the best place for her this morning, but I worried. How is she? Oh, I knew you would take care of her for us. God bless you for it. No, don't let her see me. Just so she is with you."

Too much to expect from a teacher? Not when that teacher is in the service of her country, as all of us are this day.

FOR CHILDREN

CHAPTER I

YOU ARE CITIZEN SOLDIERS

BOYS AND GIRLS of the United States of America, you are enlisted for the duration of the war as citizen soldiers. This is a total war, nobody is left out, and that counts you in, of course.

We are fighting a war for the freedom of the individual, that means your freedom. The Nazis would destroy that freedom so that you would have to work at whatever job the officers gave you, in whatever place they put you, for whatever wages they thought fit to give you.

You would get the education they thought fit to let you have. If that meant none at all, that is what it would be. You would have to believe what the government ordered you to believe, read what they printed for you, eat and wear what they provided for you. The government officers would do your living for you and you would serve them as they decreed.

We say to our enemies, "No, never. We will fight you up and down the world; we will destroy your force; we will make no peace with you until you let go such a stupid idea." We say that for your sake; we fight for your freedom; we

battle for your future as free American citizens. And we are not going to cover this up with polite words. We are going at it directly, in the American fashion, with everything we have. We expect you to feel the same way and give your whole strength to the cause, your cause.

When a soldier is called for duty he is examined for physical fitness. Soldiers must be strong, healthy, able men. They must be able to work many hours a day, take long marches, eat when they can get it, and sleep where they happen to be. Only perfectly fit men can do that.

A good soldier has perfect digestion. He can eat without fear of a stomach-ache. His appetite is so good that he can eat dry bread if he has to and like it. His strength is so great that he can work under heavy strain and sleep like a baby afterward. His eyes are so good, his ears are so keen, his nerves are so steady that his whole body goes into action like a well-polished gun. That is really what a good soldier is.

How do you measure up? Can you eat three meals a day and enjoy them without being choosy? Can you work and plan and sleep and rise each morning as fit as ever? You have to get that way if you aren't so now because that is what is needed from you in the war job. Get to work on this job. You have no time to lose. Make sure that your eyes, ears, nose, throat, and teeth are as fit as you can make them. What is a trip to the dentist for a good soldier?

Wash your hands and rinse your mouth before starting for school and put a couple of paper handkerchiefs in your pocket. Avoid anybody who is coughing or sneezing. If it is you who are scattering sneezes keep away from the others and don't forget to use your paper handkerchiefs at the first sign of a cough or a sneeze. If you have a cold stay home; go to bed; drink plenty of water and citrus fruit juice. That way you will save the others and get well faster yourself.

You won't catch cold if you are really fit. By taking care about eating what is good for you—your mother knows about that—by playing hard in the open air, by laughing as much as you can, sleeping with the fresh air coming into your room, doing your work up to standard, you will be too healthy to let a cold catch you. Colds catch half-sick people.

Doing your duty well is a great help toward health. If you do your work so well that it pleases everybody around you, your conscience laughs aloud. When that happens your health rises to the 100-per-cent mark. It is hard for you to be sick if your conscience is clear and you are happy. If you should meet with an accident, and be ill, it won't last long if your conscience is easy and your spirit high.

Your conscience is troubled when you fail to do what is expected of you: when you eat the wrong things, play when you ought to work, tell a wrong story, disobey your mother, neglect your homework, forget your prayers. If you make any of these mistakes your conscience begins to fuss around and that upsets your stomach and muddles your head and the first thing you know, you're feeling miserable.

You are now a soldier in the United States Army. Your duty is to keep well, cheer up your father and mother by doing a good job, help your country by doing the chore appointed you whether it is blowing a bugle, rolling bandages, running errands, or ringing doorbells. Do it to the best of your ability and you will be helping your country.

Don't forget about keeping fit. You can't do that by wishing. Eat your fruit and vegetables, drink your milk, work, play, and sleep according to the rules. That's your duty as a civilian soldier. As such we salute you.

As citizen soldiers you each have a duty to perform. You make yourself useful in whatever situation you find your-

self. You do what you can do best to help when help is needed.

We have drills for protection against fire and air raids. You are asked to go to set places and stay there until you are dismissed. You may be asked to stay in the safety room for a period of time. Very well, you stay. But what will you do while you stay? You can't just sit and twiddle your thumbs.

You can play games, tell stories, sing, act, dance. Which of these do you do best? Pick out your bit and practice until you can tell a story or do a dance, or direct a game so well that you can hold the attention and interest of your whole group for the time it takes you to do your job.

Make this a duty. You can't tell a story to a group of children just by knowing the story, having it in your head. A story in your head is not like the one you tell to the group. It is very different.

Take my word for that and begin practicing at home, on your little brothers and sisters, the whole family, until you can tell the story smoothly, nothing left out, no going back to tell the part you left out. Get it down perfectly.

The same with your act or your dance. Perfect it. You are going to entertain your group just as the stars entertain the soldiers at camp. They rehearse and drill and rehearse and drill every day. They never stop practicing. You remember that and work very hard to perfect your bit.

Be a good helper in the group. You cannot always be the star. Sometimes it is your duty to be the listener. Listening takes practice too. Practice being a good listener; watch for the good points; know when they are given well and applaud heartily. That is a great help all around.

When a teacher asks for volunteers be ready to step forward. Don't hold back because you think somebody else

can do better. What of it? There is always somebody in the world to better our best, but that does not say our bit is not needed. It is.

Where would we be if only the top men did anything? Every one of us is needed, everything we can do is valuable. Just give what you have and do your best and as Young said hundreds of years ago, "Angels could no more."

Sing. Whenever you get the chance, sing. Sing solos, sing in the glee clubs, sing in the groups when the teacher leads. A good, hearty song will do you good and help all the others too. When a group of people sing together they seem to be united in spirit and so are stronger than they ever knew they could be.

Join in the singing and take the trouble to learn the words of the songs you sing. Say them clearly. There is no fun in singing when the words are mumbled and slurred and blurred.

If you don't know the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," take shame to yourself and don't let another day go by without learning them. Then sing them with your heart and your lungs and your right good will.

Courage, my children, is something that you cannot take by the spoonful as you need it. It is one of those important hidden qualities of the soul that you have to grow day by day by feeding it experiences. Like this.

You felt like cutting up a little so you reached ahead and pinched Jake who was three ahead of you in line, going downstairs. Jake was ready for a little fun, too, so he howled loudly, jumped and backed, and made a lot of confusion on the stairs. A dangerous bit of monkey business.

The teacher asked, "Who is responsible for this piece of nonsense?" You knew you were, and you knew, too, that

the teacher would put a black mark on your record, and that mark might be the cause of keeping you off the team. You didn't want that. You didn't want to tell. You didn't want the teacher to tell you what he thought of you. Still, you felt you had to tell. So you did.

The teacher looked at you grimly, in silence, then said, "Class may proceed," and you went along. Later he said to you, privately, "You were two kinds of a fool to monkey on the stairs. Don't you do that again. This time I'm forgetting it because you had the grace to own it. You're not past hope so long as you can take responsibility for your foolishness. Go along and behave yourself."

That is the beginning of courage in you. The strength to do what you did not want to do but felt you had to do because it was your duty. That one experience opened the road for the next one and each fed the other, so that by the time you were out in the world and in need of courage you had a good supply on hand. A fortunate thing, too, for you are going to need it badly.

Courage begins in the soul, but it must be nourished by a stout body in order to do its work. It is fine to have the spirit of courage, but if the flesh is weak the spiritual courage will be severely strained. Backed by strength of body and bones, it will go farther and do more. Cultivate both kinds of strength by daily practice. Try to face the truth in whatever form it comes. If you have made a mistake, say so. If you do not know what to do or how to do it, say so and ask for help. If you know you should do what you do not like to do, or are afraid to do, do it anyway and strength will come to you as you go about doing your duty. It always does.

Don't be afraid of fear. Everybody has fear close at his ear. Just give it a shove and start and it will fall behind you.

You can be like the Irishman going into battle who noticed that his legs were shaking. "Tremble away, old legs. You'd tremble worse if you knew where I was going to take you." Fear vanishes once you start on the task your duty has assigned you.

You are asking me what you can do to help win the war. Armfuls, dayfuls of things are waiting for you to come along and do them.

To begin: are you a member of the Junior Red Cross? Joining up is the very first thing you must do. The leader will soon hand you a job that needs doing. You are needed badly in that busy group. Every boy and girl counts his full weight in the Red Cross service. Don't skip it. Wear your button and attend to your job.

Next, Scouting. Have you joined up? If you haven't you've missed doing a real job. Again, every boy and every girl counts here. You will be trained, taught, drilled, and shown how to be useful in time of trouble. If you have joined, are you really on the job or are you one of those easy-going Scouts who say, "Well, I guess I won't go round this afternoon. I'm tired. Besides, I want to listen to the serial."

Cut the serial and get along with the job. The soldiers on the war front aren't listening to any serial; they are living one. And if you want to hold up your end follow their example; stand by them as best you can by doing your bit. This is no time for taking things easy. Get busy.

If you are a Scout and a Red Cross member, you have made a good start. Now how about home? Are you a home-worker? You'd better be. Home is mighty important. If you don't know it this is the time to learn.

Here is your father working like mad from the dark dawn

to the shining evening of wartime. Here is your mother trying to keep the house going, serve three meals, do her bit in the Red Cross, in the voluntary services, and nobody but you to lend a hand.

If you really want to help here's your chance.

Begin in the morning by being up first, making the coffee, getting in the rolls and the milk and the newspaper, getting the baby's bottle ready, walking the dog, feeding him and the cat, attending to your room, tidying the bathroom, helping with the housework.

After school there is time for you to help some more. Get in what is needed for the supper; set the table; cook the meal; and say it all with music too.

You can go to bed on time and get enough sleep to keep you rested and in good shape for growth. Every time a child has to be put to bed and tended some grown person's time and energy have to be used in his service. Try not to be sick and try harder to keep well.

Pick out a job and do it religiously. We have to gather and save waste paper. We have to knit for the Army and Navy; bandages must be rolled and pads made, and the Junior Red Cross members can do these well. School property must be cared for so that there will be less repairing and cleaning to be done.

Children can do a lot by taking care not to break windows, mar woodwork, mark walls, and the like. Needless demands on work, money, or time are waste. No good citizen soldier will waste a penny or a single scrap of anything that can be saved.

Books and school materials are costly, and we have to be extra careful of them. Books can be covered for protection. If they are not used as shields in sham battles, bases in games, traps for rolling balls and marbles, that will help too.

Making one sheet of paper do for one job will be much worth-while. Just look about and think, and then act so as to save worry, work, money, and materials. You can be of the greatest help imaginable.

Don't forget that you can make Father and Mother smile and be glad just by being on hand, in your place, when you are expected to be there. You have no idea what a help that will be.

You can't do all this? Oh yes, you can, and then some. Just imagine that you are in the jungle with your own army men, an enemy pounding you from the front, another coming in on the right, another zooming over your head, and see how many hands and feet you find on yourself to keep alert and save your side a beating. You'll be surprised how really smart and able you can be if you feel you must.

And you must. I must, he must, she must, they must, but mostly, I must, is a good rhythm and rhyme for your conjugation of this situation.

CHAPTER II

CHILDREN HAVE WAR WORK TO DO

DON'T FEEL BADLY about your job because your picture in uniform will not be in the papers. Just remember that for every fighting man there must be fifteen or more of us behind him to feed, clothe, and house him, take care of him when he needs care, keep him happy, and keep him moving. You are counted in among the homeworkers and you can believe you count.

First, and last, and all the time, save other folk trouble. If you have to be minded as little children must be, then you are no help at all. You use the time and energy that a real worker could be giving just to keep you out of mischief. So take care of yourself, be grown-up and responsible.

Attend to yourself; bathe and dress and leave your room in order in the mornings. Get yourself ready for school and start off on time without bothering anybody else about it. Ask as few questions as possible and do what you see needs doing without being told. If you manage to do just that you will be a wonderful help.

When you get to school take care of yourself. Don't use a teacher's time and energy to keep you to the right of the

passages, the stairs, and the doorways. Don't break rules and force tired teachers to police you. Help by looking after yourself and free other folk for their real work. Keep the building and the floors and walls and toilets clean. By putting waste where it belongs and treating the place as though you lived there, you will be doing a real service to your country today.

Teachers are overworked these days and they are tired. They work all the school day and then they work on the war boards, rationing boards, in Red Cross, nursing, home protection, as wardens, watchers, and always as guardians of you children for whom they feel a twenty-four-hour-day responsibility. To take the teacher's time and strength to police you in your daily business is unthinkable, and no good American child will do it once he understands.

It is the same at home. Father and Mother are worried. They try to keep going for your sake. Don't worry them. Save them all you can in every way you can. Be home on time; be where you say you will be at the hour you say; do your bit wherever you happen to find it.

In such days every chore, however uninteresting it may be, counts. Do you think the men at the front are posing for their pictures in uniforms? They are doing the same chores you are doing and fighting into the bargain. They peel potatoes, cook meals, wash dishes and clothes, scrub, scour, and clean dirty messes, and shoulder guns when the bugle blows. Just as you answer the school signals and the home calls. Shoulder the job that is yours, where you are, and be sure you count your full weight in the day's work.

Plan your day.

All good business houses, all well-managed homes, all successful people plan the day. They budget their time. So much for this errand, so much for this interview, so much

for this meeting. A fixed time for a definite job. That is a hint for you. Plan your day.

When you rise any old time and either have to loaf about the house for an hour or race for the last car without breakfast you start the day badly.

A day started badly is a day misspent. Your business of growing and learning can't afford misspent days.

If you don't know how long you can spend in the gym or in the library, if you call on a friend and forget the time, if you muddle along and tell yourself that the book outline will do as well next week, there's lots of time, you are heading for trouble. You'll end the term a bankrupt.

Plan your day. Rise at a certain time. Eat your breakfast at a fixed time, play certain hours, study on schedule time. Have a program. You can make it loose enough to allow for surprises. But it must be rigid enough to hold you to the important tasks of the day, eating, working, playing.

When your teacher gives you a book to outline, start at once and do a chapter at a time, outlining as you go. If you leave it for later on you will find yourself trying to read it and outline it the night before your paper is due. You cannot make a report that is of any use to you if you do that. Work on scheduled time and do a bit each night. The leisurely reading and outlining allow you to assimilate the material of the book and you have gained something of what the author meant you to have when he wrote the book. And you have strengthened your mental quality by steady application to one task. That is the best service you can render yourself.

When you find yourself saying, "One of these days I must really do so and so," know that you are in danger of missing the mark somehow. Either the thing need not be done at all

or it needs to be done. The time to do it is the time set on your schedule. Someday means never, as a general rule.

It is not a bad scheme to plan ahead for more than a day. A boy or a girl in high school ought to have some idea where he is heading. The plan ought to be laid soon after entrance to junior high or high school. It is wasteful of time and energy to enter a school without knowing what you want out of your school.

"Why am I here?" is a proper question to ask and answer.

You may not know. In that case talk things over with your school adviser and take the courses he advises. Often he has a better understanding of your growth and power than you have. But have a plan. First for the day, then for a week, then for a month. By and by you have the plan for a lifetime.

Why? Because the vision of today is the lifework of tomorrow. Without vision, the people perish. That means you too.

You love the Army and the Navy, and you are very proud of them. They are your own fathers, brothers, cousins, and neighbors. They are the power of the nation, the power that protects you today.

These men have given up all they had and all they hoped for in life. They gave up all you enjoy: your comfortable home with its light at the switch, its water in the tap, its radio, the good food Mother cooks, the fun in the evening, the dances and the movies, and the ice-cream sodas and the best girls.

And they gave up their jobs, the jobs that meant the hope of their future; careers and homes and families. That is a lot to give up, isn't it?

These men gave themselves to the service for your sake. In return for that they get the high honor of having done their duty like heroes, worthy of their country's love and praise. They are going to be weary, lonely, sick, and suffering many a long day and night, but they will take it all in their stride because through it all they will be thinking of you, "the kids," back home, who are to carry on in their places.

Wouldn't you feel awful if you did anything to hurt those men? Wouldn't you feel ashamed to look yourself in the eye if you wasted one cent that you could save to give them the food, the medicine, the nurses, the guns, the planes, the tanks, and the ships they needed for their job—and yours?

You would rather do without to save it for them. Everybody knows that. But you won't have to go without what you need to save what your men need. Just save the pennies, and the odds and ends of paper, food, metal, rubber.

Just save all you can these days and you will be able to stand proudly on the sidewalk to watch your victorious men come up Fifth Avenue in the greatest victory parade the world has seen.

Here are some rules for savers. Don't throw food away. Save it. (There are too many bits of bread in the trash can.) Cut down on the candy and gum and sodas. (There are too many wads of gum on the walks and in the corridors of buildings.) Don't ask for movie money more than once a week. (Your men are not going to the shows very often, you know.) Don't throw your clothes around. (Clothes are mighty important. Save them. If you outgrow them there are about six other children waiting for them in some corner of the world, and in this war you are all brothers and sisters.)

Turn off the lights when they are not needed. (Lights are

dear. Every time one burns it takes power, and power is what we need most for labor in the factories where they make the arms for the forces. Mind the lights.)

Save the scraps of metal. (All metal and all rubber are needed. No good saver will let a scrap go by. Paper, rags, rubber, scrap iron—these are meat for the savers. They count toward victory. Saving them helps the Army and the Navy and the airmen, your own men.)

It is stylish today to be a saving soul, a miser for the armed forces. You are enlisted for the duration. You are saving soldiers every time you save a scrap.

Please stop saying "I want."

Your father and mother are working hard to make you comfortable, to keep you in school, to give you happiness as far as lies in their power. No matter what you get, no matter how much you have, the very next thing you see you want.

Don't you know that you don't want those things at all? And don't you know that each time you say you want something that your parents cannot buy for you you make them feel badly?

Want means lack. Something is missing. Something is needed. As you use the word it means that your greedy eyes have seen something and your greedy stomach or mind has reached out for it although the lack of it did not make you suffer in any way.

You see I am trying to show you that if you *want* something that you do not need you are being greedy and selfish. You are forcing your father to work harder, your mother to save harder, your brothers and sisters to deny themselves more, just for the sake of your covetous, greedy self.

How would it be if you were to make up your mind not to ask for a single thing for yourself for a whole month?

That would soon show you how much you would have been *wanting*.

How would it be if you made up your mind not to say, "I want to go to the movies. I want a new pair of shoes for my skates. I want a hat like Bill's. I want a Gordon setter pup. I want a radio like Murray's. I want to trade in the old car. I want to go to a new school. I want a nickel for chewing gum. I want a new Eversharp. I want one of those watches with the platinum straps. I want a pair of sport boots for fishing. I want two theater tickets. I want one of the snub-nosed umbrellas. I want to have ice cream for dessert. I want a raccoon coat. I want a ring with a real stone. I want, I want."

Now let me tell you what I think you want. What I think you *need* because you *lack* it.

You need to know the fine, free feeling of doing without. It is fine to wish for things and to get them. What then? Go on for the next want. Don't you see the wanting is endless? There is no peace in it. But do without, travel lightly. Then there is peace.

You need to get off your parents' backs.

Go to your father and mother and say, "Truly, I don't want a thing. I have everything to make me happy. What can I do to help you?"

Mean it. Hold to it. You will taste a new happiness in life. You will have a new job. Wanting things and getting them, wanting things and doing without them, are not in a class with wanting nothing and taking just that for a whole month.

Please try it. Be satisfied with your home, your clothes, your school, your friends, just for a month. Make up your mind that your first want is a house cleaning of desires and wishes and wants that mean nothing but a burden to you and

yours. Then start fresh with a new kind of want, a new sort of desire—to serve the home that has served you so lovingly.

Because we are using so much of our goods, so many of our workers, so much of our money for the war we must use less for ourselves. There is less to use. When we make guns we cannot make typewriters; when we send butter and milk and eggs to the front we cannot eat them at home; when we use ships and tanks for the Army and Navy we cannot use them to carry gas and oil and bananas. That's as plain as the nose on your face.

The Government has begun giving us rationing cards to buy some of the things that have grown scarce, and which we need: sugar, tires, with many more things to come. You use the cards and get what you are allowed. After that you must still be careful not to waste a grain or a drop of anything useful.

You see we are given an allowance of rationed goods so that nobody need be without but, at the same time, we must keep in mind that there is no law that says we must use that amount. And there is the necessity that impels us to save and to share wherever and whenever we can do so. The idea of saving in wartime is to use as little as possible, to do without as much as we can, to make what we have go as far as we can. Just because we have a card that grants us a gallon of gas there is no excuse for our using it unless we are obliged to do so.

When you hop into the car to run down to see if Jean is at home you are wasting. When you put an extra lump of sugar in your coffee you are wasting. When you throw your rubbers in the bottom of the closet to lie there until next fall, instead of cleaning them and wrapping them and laying them in a cool, dark place, you are wasting. The fact that

you have the power to do this, that you have a ration card, that the things are your own, does not excuse you. You are wasting, and any form of waste helps your enemies.

The man in the store gives you a big paper bag to carry the vegetables home in and what do you do with the bag? Fold it up carefully and carry it back to the vegetable man to use again? When the laundryman brings back the washing wrapped in paper and tied with cord, do you smooth out the paper, untie the knots in the cord and roll it up on the ball you are saving? Paper and string are scarce now. Save every bit that comes into the house. Use it again if it is usable. If not, prepare it for the collector who will come when you call him.

Now about your old sweater. Is it lying somewhere in the dust to be eaten by moths? Wool is scarcer than hen's teeth. Get that sweater and rip it out, wind the yarn into a skein, dip it up and down in suds of gentle soap and lukewarm water, rinse it in fresh, lukewarm water until you are sure it is clean, then hang that skein somewhere in the house where the sun will not hit it and let it dry. It can be reknit, you know.

These are all tasks for your attention. The salvage program is just the one for you. You can save, you can collect, you can deliver it to the appointed stations, you can help to remake stockings, socks, sweaters, coats, and dresses. Ask the Red Cross people about this, the Salvation Army, the Bundles for Britain, the Bundles for America, the Scouts, the Campfire Girls, who will gladly welcome your help.

CHAPTER III

WARTIME ADVICE TO OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

YOU BOYS AND GIRLS of the older groups can do a great deal to help in these troubled days. People are worried and nervous although they try not to show it. They are worried more about you than about themselves, so it is right and your duty to do all you can to show how well you can take care of yourselves.

Move quietly wherever you go: on the street; in the house; through the school yards; in the school buildings. Go softly in manner and speech and action. Walk. Running excites other people. You don't want to do that. You want to do all you can to keep the place calm and easy and under full control all the time. Then walk; control the hurry in your mind. Walk softly and you will get just as far and do the job better.

Talk softly. Shouts make people jumpy. You don't need to shout at anybody. Go to the person to whom you want to speak and talk in your usual way, without excitement or noise or jumpiness. Your way of speaking is going to make those who hear you feel better or worse and you want them to feel better because you talked to them. Speak gently.

Leave off being funny. Clowning is out for the duration. You can see why. If a boy or a girl jumps suddenly out of the crowd and shouts something silly, does stunts on his hands, or his head, some of the children are going to be nervous, and that is just what you don't want to accomplish.

Cut out all the funny business. Don't jump out at anybody; make no sudden moves or noises; don't play jokes on the others. Save all that for the victory celebration.

There is another thing you must attend to, and although I hate to mention it, I must. Don't try to fool with alarms; don't imitate the sirens; don't touch bells; don't use whistles; don't fake alarms. If you do any of those things you are helping our enemies and you are guilty of a dreadful thing.

This is a serious time, and we expect you to understand and do your duty.

Keep a watchful eye on the little ones. Be very kind to them. Don't shove them around, but be gentle with them and keep them out of trouble. They don't understand as you do what is needed just now and we are depending on you to help them.

Make sure you are being a good citizen soldier. That is your first duty as well as mine. Then, when you have yourself well in hand, doing your own job efficiently, give a keen look about you to make sure things are going on just right.

If not, if you see or hear something that you know is not as it ought to be, go to the nearest person in authority, policeman, teacher, parent, or citizen, and explain.

But, above all, mind your own duty. Be quiet; quiet in your heart and in your soul. We are not afraid. We are on guard. All American boys and girls are good citizen soldiers.

The war work and the war front have taken fathers and mothers and big brothers away from home. The children of some families are on their own for the most part and must

take over responsibility for themselves. Some of them are not able to do that very well.

The very young ones will be cared for by relatives or neighbors, but the older ones, your age, will be considered old enough to look out for themselves. Now being old enough is not all that is needed. There is something else. Young people must have understanding which comes from experience before they can manage safely. And they must have the intelligence that allows experience to teach them. Some young people do not have the necessary power and these will get into trouble. You know the ones I mean. I am asking you to give them your brotherly and sisterly help.

Talk to the girl that you see going off at a loose end. Be friendly and invite her over to your house and let her share in the work you are doing just as you would if she were your own sister. Boys must look after other boys who seem to be going the wrong way. Take them along to the Scout meeting, on the salvage corps, to whatever work you are doing. Get them interested in doing something worth-while. Take them home with you and make them feel that they belong to your group.

Playing craps, spending hours on end in poolrooms, going off to the parks with girls whose people are busy with the war job just will not do. That kind of behavior is as much sabotage as messing up a war job. When you take a boy out of that group and keep him interested in something useful you are doing a big job for your country.

When a girl whose people are working day and night, leaving her to carry on at home, goes off on a jaunt to the park, follows a soldier unit, hangs about the camps, stands on street corners and in movie lobbies by the hour she loses her good name, and, along with that, her way of life. She is getting near the edge of safety. If she crosses that she

will suffer for it all her life long. She is in acute danger these days because there are many young men far from home. They are lonely, excited, and their minds are not so clear on some points as they would be in peacetime, in their home towns. They will do what they would never think of doing in the home days. They think, "I may as well take the fun I can get. I may never have the chance again." If the girl goes along with him on that idea she is lost.

Help each other. If you find you cannot do anything with or for the boy or girl on the loose, go to your clergyman, your teacher, your policeman friend, the Scoutmaster, or the Campfire Girl director, some grown-up person interested in young people's welfare, and ask for help.

This war is being fought for your future life. If that future is destroyed now in the welter of war there is no need for the terrific price we are paying in lives, goods, labor, and money. You must help to win it; you must help to make the winning worth-while; you must help each other. Each one of you counts because you are the men and the women of the postwar days. It is you who must carry on the ideals of this nation. Help each other, then, to stand up, to understand your position today, your duty tomorrow.

This is a word in the ear of the teen-age girl: A uniform is not an introduction to the young man who is wearing it. It is a notice to the world that the man is engaged in the serious business of defending his country, nothing more and nothing less.

That uniform is entitled to our deepest respect, but the man wearing it is entitled to his own self-respect. He is not public property; he does not belong to anybody—girls included—who happens to like his looks. He is the same man,

with the same feelings, manners, morals, and rights as he was before he put on that uniform. Let him alone.

By letting him alone I mean let him go and come on the streets in possession of his usual rights of privacy. You need not beam upon him, call his attention to yourself, make a date with him.

You have no right to do that because he is still a strange young man and you have not been introduced to him. You are making a pickup just as you would if you had greeted any other strange young man out of uniform. You know that is not safe. Don't do it.

When you go to dances where there are uniformed men behave just as you would at a dance where the men are in civilian dress. Be careful of your manners. The hostess tells you the kind of party you are going to, of course, and it is she who introduces you. One man will introduce you to another and you will be polite and friendly, just as you would be at any other party. But you don't date the strange young man if you are wise. He will keep. Wait.

Don't give your picture to the young soldier or Navy man the first time you see him. That will wait too. You don't want to have your picture pinned up among menus and the photographs of prize fighters, race horses, and all the other "dames" the boy has managed to collect. If he were not in uniform you would not think of being familiar with him. Just imagine he is not wearing that dashing uniform and treat him as you would any other nice boy.

Don't ask him questions about where he is stationed or where he is going and what he does in camp and why and who and what. He may forget and answer you and so make a mistake. He is not to talk about his business because any business he has is Uncle Sam's and to be held in strict secrecy.

And don't tell him that you heard this and that about it and t'other because any such talk is muddy, and it might worry the boy. These boys don't need any more worry than they have. What they want is a good time, a gay hour of dancing and song and laughter. Help them to have that and don't oblige them to feel under obligation to you for it. Don't make them feel they owe you personal devotion ever after because you shared in their good time.

In short, do what your mother told you to do. Behave to the boy in uniform with just a little stricter propriety than otherwise. Give him a cheerful, happy hour of your company and make no demands, grant no extra favors, make no dates, and leave your record clear.

Other boys in uniform are coming and you will want to be free to help them enjoy themselves, too, and if you are tied by conscience or by memory, you have ceased to be useful to the service. Just think a bit and be careful.

You who are just sixteen, hoping and dreaming of the great things you are to do by and by, take this to your hearts. You can have whatever you want, you can make almost any wish come true if you are willing to pay the price for it.

Not in money. Sixteen has no money, needs none. Sixteen has what is better far: youth and hope and the whole of life ahead. But the thing you want most is the thing you are going to have. Oh yes, it is. If you do not get what you wish for it is because you did not really want it. You would not pay the price for it.

A boy I know wants to be an engineer and build bridges and dams. He talks a great deal about it and reads all the books that tell about the great dams and the wonderful

bridges. The picture of a suspension bridge swinging in air like a fairy thing makes his eyes shine and his hands tremble as he turns the pages.

But I don't believe he is going to be that sort of engineer at all because he isn't willing to pay for it. He dislikes school and won't study. He is willing to read about a bridge and let it go at that. You see he isn't willing to study the tables and make the calculations that the bridge builder must make.

"Tables and formulas and problems make me sick. And I can't bear French and chemistry." I wonder who will trust him to build a bridge? What sort of bridge would he make out of the fancies he spins in his brain? They'd have to be translated into steel and concrete and stone and he doesn't care to work hard enough to find out about them.

And I know a girl who would like to sing like Jenny Lind. She has a fine voice and her teachers say she might be able to sing very well. Well enough to give great pleasure to many people. She wishes she could, but she won't pay the price. The singer's life is hard. It consists of hours of scales and exercises and hours of study when one bends over books or listens to the masters. It means denying oneself things to eat even when you like them very much. It means no night parties, for the singer must sleep long hours. It means hard self-discipline and the girl isn't willing to pay the price.

Still I tell you this old truth over again: You can have what you wish if you pay the price. If you want friends there is a price set upon them and by paying it you may have them. You earn your enemies in the same way.

Don't comfort yourself by saying that you have what you don't want and never asked for and wouldn't pay for if you were asked to. The real truth of the matter is that you have what you have paid for now. If you don't like it, throw it

away and buy something else. Sixteen has Fortune's bottomless purse and needs but to open it.

It was graduation day in our school and one of the girls read her essay on good citizenship, the medal winner. When she finished a gray-haired lady, one who might have been her grandmother, went forward and pinned a medal with a red-white-and-blue ribbon on the little girl's shoulder.

"My dear, it is just twenty years ago that I first pinned a medal like this on a graduate's shoulder. That medal and those that followed through the years were to keep alive the memory of the boy I sent to serve his country in a great and terrible war. He did not come back, save in that memory.

"Today I am sending my other boy, the last one—the only one—to another great and terrible war. I send him, my child, so that you, and all other girls like you, the world over, may never have to send your sons."

Will you, boys and girls, please think that over and find what it means to you? Why are we fighting this war? Why are big brothers and even fathers leaving home and all they love behind them and marching off to battle?

Not for themselves—that is clear. Not for money—that is equally clear. They go for love; for love of country, and what that country holds for them, the promise of a better, nobler world for you to live in. For you!

When things seem hard at home, when you cannot have the little pleasures you used to enjoy as often or as fully as you once had them, you won't care. You will be glad because you have a chance to show that you are worth the price these brave men are paying for you. You, too, can stand up; you, too, can make sacrifices; you, too, can serve wherever a duty calls.

You couldn't feel any other way remembering the reason for the sacrifices your mothers and fathers, your big brothers and sisters, your friends and your neighbors are making. They are all for you.

We older people are not going to manage the new world that is coming after this war. You are. You are going to be the mothers and the fathers. You are going to be the leaders and the workers and the skilled craftsmen who are to make up the people of these United States. It is you who are being bought with a great and terrible price this day.

Are you worthy?

Get ready. You to whom I speak are no longer children. You are the vanguard of the new generation. You need strength of body. Get it. You must have spiritual power. Grow it. You must have knowledge and understanding and skill. Work for them now.

Live every day, in school and at home, in consciousness and full knowledge of the responsibility that rests upon you. Overnight you must grow up. You have been bought with a price, the precious lives of mothers' sons.

Be worthy.

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